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Notes of the Week

The jubilation at President Roosevelt's acceptance of \$10,000,000 in silver as an acknowledgment of the War Debt installment due on June 15 will be qualified on reflection by the thought that it is no more than a *pis aller*, and rather a clumsy one at that. The President had no power to grant a moratorium or alter the schedule of debt payments and an expedient has been found, an extremely narrow path between the Scylla of another payment and the Charybdis of repudiation. Everything turns on the negotiations at Washington. The President is said to expect a British delegation within the next month and that will not be a day too soon. Procrastination, so dear to the heart of our rulers, leads from one difficulty to another and we steadily sink deeper into the quicksands of chaos. It is a year since a Conference was summoned as a matter of urgency to complete the work of Lausanne, on which the settlement of war debts must be based. Six months later the Preparatory Commission sounded the note of haste and reminded the world that the debts were an "insuperable barrier to economic and financial reconstruction." Quite what the World Economic Conference is going to do during the next few weeks facing this "insuperable barrier" remains a mystery, since the American delegates have been instructed "under no circumstances to discuss or consider debts with any debtor nation, either individually or collectively." Yet the skeleton is in the cupboard, even though they lock the cupboard door.

Urgency!

Our melodramatic Premier likes a diplomacy of scare, hustle and last-minute makeshift decisions.

The National Government have had months to make up their minds about a war debt policy, but according to their own supporters they had until the last moment no more than the vaguest idea as to what they were going to do about it. It is hardly dignified for a great nation to deal with a vital financial problem as if it was Mr. Micawber waiting for something to turn up. No doubt there were difficulties. President Roosevelt was trying so hard to get rid of the politicians who are beginning to think that they might play on him the same trick as was played on President Wilson. Politicians in every country are blind to reality. At least a token payment relieves the immediate situation and the debtors are united.

The Real Problem

As a contribution to debate and as a footnote to history Mr. Richard Law's speech in the House of Commons on the debt settlement was of the first importance. It recalled an able and constructive article on the Damned Debt which he wrote recently for the *Saturday Review*. If public opinion had been swinging in a balance it might well have brought it down on the sane side—where it fortunately rests. For Richard Law exploded the myths and the pretensions of the pro-Baldwinites as far as concerned his father's share in the Baldwin settlement with America, and justified every word, however harsh and impolite, that Lord Beaverbrook has spoken on this point for years past.

Exploding a Myth

The Baldwin Bill

Bonar Law never approved the Baldwin settlement; he thought it monstrously unjust; he never agreed that there was a paramount duty to "honour our bond," because he felt it impossible to measure money against blood; he believed that it would retard, not (as Mr. Baldwin believed) hasten the recovery of world trade; he never believed in the continued payment of reparations on which the notorious settlement largely depended; he never changed his mind on all this. And, of course, events have justified his reason and confirmed his prescience. But he accepted the Baldwin settlement, and with it a grave responsibility of which his son does not acquit him. Why? Not because to reject it would have smashed (as it might have smashed) his young Government, but because he was too sick a man to find the "guts" to put his conviction before his convenience. Now we know what Bonar Law felt and we know what the Baldwin settlement has cost us, our Allies, and the world. It is a heavy price. It should warn us against running up a similar bill and paying an even more disastrous price over India.

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The Conference Ballet

We hope that every member of the World Economic Conference will visit the Joost ballet at the Savoy, that so cruelly caricatures the antics of so-called statesmen, and take the lesson to heart. The Conference started off gaily in the air. It was bound to be meaningless until something was done about war debts, and the only interest in the opening speeches lay in their references to that problem. There was a general feeling abroad that he who spoke last would speak best, and the Americans were pained to find that everybody was so concerned with a subject which was not on the agenda—as if the economic situation of the world was not bound up with it. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald asked the delegates not to state economic theories but "to make practical proposals to meet urgent necessities." So far practical proposals, apart from definite references to war debts, are conspicuous by their absence. By chance rather than by design, Europe seems ready to present a united front, as it should have long ago, in settling with America.

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A Deadlock

When and if the ghost of war debts is finally laid, the sixty-seven nations are likely to be lost in a wilderness of economic contradictions when they face the question of the stabilisation of currency. America wants inflation and a dollar reduced to a value of seventy-five cents. This is the foundation of the President's policy. Neither this country nor France will allow a similar devaluation of the pound or franc, and in

this policy, it is said, the two nations are united. How in such circumstances there can be any stabilisation of currency is a mystery: the best that can be hoped for is one more formula. Public opinion in this country seems singularly little impressed by the magnitude of the present conference, and on all sides the pathetic question may be heard, "Will they never stop talking?" But if the Premier has his way, this big conference will breed lots more little conferences.

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A Strange Scheme

A study of past conferences has persuaded Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that they carried many magnificent resolutions and the only trouble has been that their resolutions were not put into force. He has a hankering after some kind of permanent body, some international authority, which would ginger up the recalcitrant and absent-minded powers until they put into execution the recommendations they have accepted. Such a body might find a place at Geneva, that home of the ineffective, or possibly, it is whispered, our Premier himself might take on the job. If ever there was a plan calculated to arouse envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, surely it is this scheme. However, it might result in a whole series of subsidiary conferences, and that would appeal strongly to personal vanity.

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Confusing the Issue

The Disarmament Conference is not going to be squashed by the London picnic of the sixty-seven powers. It has not quite moved itself here, but "conversations under the guidance of the President," the world is officially informed, will be pursued in London. Here is a great opportunity of making confusion worse confounded. There will be bargaining at the Economic Conference, bargaining at the Disarmament Conference and bargaining about war debts. Concessions here will set off concessions there, until the cleverest brains are bewildered. If we possessed a great statesman with a policy and a determination that his country should come first, he might possibly make something out of the situation—but where is he?

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A Sign of "The Times"

On Monday *The Times* gave great prominence to an article in favour of bimetallism. The arguments in favour of this ancient heresy were fairly stated by "a Correspondent," and as there was no editorial comment whatever we may assume that he was being allowed to fly a kite. So far as we have seen there has been no immediate reaction, but the idea is in the air, and sooner or later the wind is bound to send it up or down. The old arguments against the

monetisation of silver cannot stand up against modern conditions. Mr. Bryan is so far justified, but new difficulties take the place of the old. If silver is to become "sound money," what of the value of gold, and gold shares? Bimetallists have many dragons still to fight, and vested interests are deeply entrenched. In the meantime we are promised a "gold number" of *The Times* next Tuesday, and this ought to clear the air, and also the heads of the delegates at South Kensington.

* *

Here we are (if all continues to go well after these words are written) at the end of the week.

This Persistent World

And yet there was a gentleman who stated very definitely, in the *Daily Express*, that "the age" was coming to a complete and sudden end on Monday. He differed from others of similar mind in this—that it was the end, not of the world, but of an age which, so to speak, got him all hot and bothered. It might be supposed that only fanatics, cranks, or ill-educated minds were disturbed by these fears or hopes. But it is not so. A large number of persons who are responsible, level-headed, and well educated believe (sometimes a secret to be shared with very few) that some drastic and complete change, if not annihilation, will overtake the world and those who live in it in a few months or a few years. Whether they go by Holy Writ or swear by pyramidal measurements or have it on the highest authority from the spirit world, they are all found believing that the last trump will sound in our life time, and that some drastic division of sheep from goats will come with it, rather than a cataclysm which sweeps all humanity away.

* *

All this has become one of the oddities of the times in which we live, and it has been the theme of novelist and playwright. Perhaps this latest age is more

"Knowledge is of Things We See"

credulous than any that have gone before; perhaps it is more inquisitive; perhaps it is more tired of living. Certainly circumstances have made these odd delusions (if they are delusions) less unreasonable. Science is no longer sure of itself or of anything else; it will no longer cry "bosh" to belief, or even "rot" to superstition. Religion, on the whole, wrings feeble hands about the place; superstition, sooth-saying, spiritualism—all these short cuts to forbidden knowledge are taken every day. And the sanest minds may well be appalled when they contemplate the chaos to which incompetence and chicanery seem to be driving all the peoples. So, perhaps, after all, it is not so queer that two or three, separately or gathered together, should believe in "a universal tit-up" to-morrow.

The Bishop of Durham's vigorous protest against the centralising policy which has dominated Church finance in recent years ought to be effective. His own diocese has been exceptionally hard hit by present conditions, and when only one out of every four workers is employed, it is absurd to suppose that employers or employed can contribute their quota to central funds. Let every diocese, and every parish, give what it can. These assessments, made inevitably by men who cannot know the local conditions, carry with them an unpleasant association with the methods of the income-tax commissioners. Dr. Henson found himself in a minority on another subject later on, and here we think he will carry fewer laymen with him. He wished to reduce the amount spent on distributing Church news on the ground that what was wanted in the lay press was not news but criticism, in other words, propaganda. What the Press wants, and will print, is plain facts from which editors or readers can draw their own conclusions. Sub-editors are deeply suspicious of "dope" in any form.

* *

Anniversary

Now the long year has spent itself at last,
The first long year of severance and change;
And still it seems not you but I have passed
Into an unknown world obscure and strange.
D.M.S.

* *

Can a lay-reader legally publish the banns of marriage, and if not are the marriages published in church by lay readers legal?

"I Forbid the Banns"

This was one of the tricky problems faced by the Church Assembly this week. There was a learned debate on the subject, which has been before a commission to report, and the report does not seem to have come to any very definite conclusion. To most plain people, however, the answer is plain enough. The law of the land assumes a marriage unless there is evidence to the contrary, and therefore it will not upset a marriage because the banns were not published by a parson. But in this country a marriage in church is not followed by the civil ceremony customary elsewhere, and it is therefore essential that the religious service should be in accordance with the law. At present the law is uncertain, and in many dioceses lay readers have been allowed to publish banns, and the Assembly on the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury decided to make the practice legal. Many will regret the decision and will agree with the Bishop of Norwich that it is undesirable to give lay readers, "by a side wind," powers to act as ministers of the Church which they do not at present possess.

On this subject it would be interesting to know how often banns have been forbidden. In the kind of fiction which was popular half a century or more ago, the course of true love was frequently impeded by the villain of the piece who leapt to his feet in church at the third time of asking with a wild cry, "I forbid the banns," which kept the story going for a few more chapters before the happy ending. In real life, however, things are more humdrum. After the debate at the Assembly, few of those present could recall an actual case of "forbidding." A correspondent tells us that he was once in a small Cornish Church when, after the third asking a man stood up and said quietly "I declare just cause and impediment," and was asked to speak to the vicar after the service. Unfortunately our correspondent never heard the rest of the story, out of which any maker of fiction, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, could spin a yarn.

* *

Jeremy Bentham, whose centenary some ardent souls are now celebrating, invented, so it is said, the word internationalism—a grave responsibility—and bequeathed it to the world, and his skeleton to University College. The latter legacy is no doubt of daily value to students of anatomy: as to the value of the former we must await the event, and the decisions of South Kensington. In the meantime it is good news that in the world of golf, unlike that of cricket, internationalism makes for harmony. If Lady Astor meets our Prince of Wales in the semi-final of the Parliamentary golf handicap, and with the comfortable handicap of twenty beats him soundly, surely a friendly deal could be made over this tiresome question of dollars and pounds. Another source of international friction has also been settled this week. Golf is now to be played on Sundays at Gullane, N.B. In fact golf is now part of the Scottish religion.

* *

The friends of the flea are sorrowing! Four or five years ago a strange epidemic started in Eastern Russia, and they are gradually being wiped out. Even animal fleas are perishing. Only the plague-carrying fleas of the black rat appear immune, and that is a pity. The jumping fleas in Continental Fairs will be only a memory. However, a really unpleasant thought is that the converse of this may happen one day. Somewhere, a harmless organism may suddenly develop a virulent hatred against man, and the Lord of Creation may suffer the fate of the flea. A new Black Death might provide a temporary solution of our economic difficulties, but there are probably simpler and less unpleasant solutions.

Just cause and Impediment

Miscellany

Tragic Fate of The Flea

Sometimes, in certain tropical regions, immediately after sunset, the western sky seems to blaze up with an intense and beautiful green light. Those of our readers who have lived in Egypt or in the Sudan may have witnessed this remarkable phenomenon. Many years ago much speculation went on as to the origin of this "green ray." Jules Verne even wrote a very pleasant romance around the subject. Recent researches explain the appearance very simply. It is simply due to retinal fatigue. The eye looks at the red of the setting sun, and this part of the colour-seeing machinery is thereby tired out. The moment the sun sets, the whitish sky appears green, which is more or less the complementary colour. The whole thing can be very beautifully imitated in the laboratory.

* *

A most extraordinary scheme is being discussed among German engineers. Hermann Sörgell has calculated that about 90,000 tons of water pour through the Straits of Gibraltar every second. This quantity of water represents the evaporation of the Mediterranean. He proposes to build a giant dam across the Straits, thus cutting off the supply of water. In a year the level of the Mediterranean would fall nearly 6 feet and after a few years stretches of new land would appear to be available for cultivation. Thus most of the Adriatic would fill up. Furthermore, by installing turbines at Gibraltar vast quantities of electric power would become available. And Sörgell also proposes to irrigate the Sahara! It is staggering, a "kolossal" idea! If the dam broke there would be a new flood.

* *

The conversion from Diesel to turbine of two fast liners on the Plate run shows that some experienced ship-owners have revised their opinion of the motor ship. The grinding regularity of a 20-knot service wears these vessels out and twelve years as against twenty to twenty-five is their average life on certain lines. Synchronised vibration which shatters the passenger's nerves is misery to the marine superintendent who has to inspect leaking plates. If only some genius can find a means of handling coal as easily as oil, there would be 80,000 more miners in work for the bunker market.

* *

Inscription for a Garden

Demeter, goddess of the garden, bless
The ground that I have tilled with fruitfulness,
And may my labours prosper, and not cease
To bring forth from the earth its due increase;
And grant with these that I may still be found
Worthy Earth's bounty all the seasons' round.

S. MATTHEWMAN.

The Green Ray

Kolossal!

Coal and Oil

The Joy Riders

By Lady Houston (*Truthsayer*)

SIXTY-SEVEN of them all on a Joy Ride to Merrie England—and I hope they'll have a real good time.

Of course I am quite certain that they have caught this little trick from our Champion Joy Rider—the Prime Minister.

Well, well, for them it is all right. I don't for an instant suppose they will make a habit of it—as Mr. MacDonald has. No other nation would be such fools as to stand it. And all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But all play and no work makes—

An English Prime Minister!

Supposing the whole sixty-seven promise and vow to follow some policy? What is that policy? Does any one of them know? And how are you going to force sixty-seven countries to agree to keep these promises? It just cannot be done.

It isn't at all an original idea. It has been tried many a time and oft. Germany promised

never to invade Belgium. One could mention numberless instances of how promises made by the diplomats of different countries have been only "a scrap of paper" which when it suited them they have torn to pieces.

But a little bird has whispered to me the real reason for this World Conference. It is a camouflage—a smoke screen—to hide the complete failure of the Prime Minister's nefarious Disarmament Conferences, which he has made as an excuse to go continually peacocking round Europe and America, much to the amusement of the countries he has visited, who, while sniggering at his antics, whisper to each other: "How much longer will England put up with this charlatan?"

It all sounds so very grand: A World Conference! Such a feather in the Prime Minister's cap! But the Prime Minister's feathers are usually white, like the White Paper.

Viceroy of India—Past and Future

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer
(*Once Lieutenant Governor, Punjab*)

THE Viceroy and Governor-General of India—the heir of, but greater than, the Great Moghul, who never held "the gorgeous East in fee," from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin! What great names are associated with this, the greatest office to be held by a subject of the Crown, from Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General—equally great in war and peace, and greatest of all perhaps in preserving the "mens æqua in arduis" when made the target of vindictive party attacks—down to Lord Willingdon, who has shown the same steadfast courage and who has rescued India from the anarchy into which a weak and sentimental policy had gone far to plunge it?

Between those two the office has been filled by some of the greatest statesmen and administrators Great Britain has produced. Wellesley, Dalhousie, Curzon—all shed lustre on the office and won fame for themselves by their achievements; the

names of others, such as Auckland and Ellenborough, are associated with failure. The writer's personal association with India goes back to 1886, and he would place the Marquess of Dufferin and his successor, the Marquess of Lansdowne, as the two men who in the last fifty years have filled the office with most success and distinction. Lord Dufferin's diplomatic career had given him that insight into Oriental character, so difficult to penetrate, which has been notably lacking in some of his successors. Lord Lansdowne's attributes were perhaps less brilliant on the surface; but a great territorial noble, with all the lofty traditions behind him, is a type that always impresses Orientals. Moreover, both had the elasticity of mind which comes from a mixture of Irish blood, while the charm of both Lady Lansdowne and Lady Dufferin, whose name will always be associated with the great movement for the welfare of Indian women, was a great asset to both Viceroys.

Here one may ask—what are the essential quali-

ties for a successful Viceroy? Lord Lawrence, who rose from a "clodhopping Collector" to be Viceroy, was once asked by a lady, who was thinking of sending her son to India, "What are the qualities which a man needs to get on in India?" His reply was characteristic: "Only two ma'am—guts (grit) and brains. You can get on without the brains, but you must have the guts."

Saving India

Lawrence himself had both in a remarkable degree; they helped him to save India in the first and second Sikh Wars and in the even more dangerous crisis of the 1857 Mutiny. He was essentially a ruler of the "shirt-sleeves" type, not unlike his great contemporary, Abraham Lincoln; his great qualities therefore shone more in the rough and tumble of administration and of war than in the seats of the mighty. For a Viceroy something of the Grand Seigneur is almost an essential.

Hitherto no office in the world could compare in power and dignity with that of the Viceroy, who, under the Crown and Parliament, is the supreme authority over 353 millions of people. The President of the United States most nearly approaches him during his four years' term of office; but his sway covers only 120 millions and is often hampered by a jealous Senate or a refractory House of Representatives. Perhaps a closer analogy is that of the spiritual authority of the Pope, exercised over some 250 millions of Catholics, through a highly organised and very efficient hierarchy corresponding roughly to the marvellous British-Indian Services through whom the Viceroy's government is administered.

Shadows of the Future

Such is the Viceroy of to-day. What of the Viceroy of the future? That lies on the lap of the gods—the gods in this case being the British public and Parliament. They are now engaged in framing the new Constitution for our Indian Empire and are attempting to solve that most intricate and baffling problem by a blind application of those democratic principles which have to-day been tried and found wanting over most of Europe, and where tried in the uncongenial soil of the East have speedily wilted. Yet the Simon Commission has warned us that the Indian masses prefer *personal rule* and for generations to come they see no alternative to it. If the proposals of the White Paper are accepted, and Mr. Baldwin assures us he stands by them and is prepared to take the consequences, the position of the Viceroy will be reduced from that of a powerful and beneficent ruler whose word is law—subject to the control of his Crown and Parliament—from Quetta to the borders of China, from Peshawar to Cape Comorin, to that of a shadowy authority. He will still normally control the Army and Foreign affairs, but in all other matters will be bound to follow the advice of the future Indian Ministers, often inexperienced, sometimes openly or secretly hostile. Those ministers are supposed to be responsible to an all-India legislature, but that will have no solid basis of responsibility, as

for generations to come there cannot be among peoples so divided in race, religion, caste and culture, of whom only 8 per cent. can write their names, an electorate capable of giving or enforcing a mandate on its "soidisant" representatives.

Paper Powers

The Viceroy and the Governors of Provinces are it is true, to be given "special responsibilities" *on paper*; *on paper* they will have power to differ from and veto the policy and decisions of the Indian Ministers for certain definite reasons, such as the protection of the public peace, of the rights of minorities, of the Services, etc. But neither the Viceroy nor the provincial Governor will have control of the machinery to make this decision, on the rare occasions where he will dare to interfere, effective. His present British and Indian colleagues, responsible like him to Parliament, give place to Indian Ministers responsible only to a pseudo-democratic legislature; all the Services, British and Indian, including the police, are to be placed under those Ministers, with the result that the small but indispensable British element will be rapidly eliminated; for all purposes of internal administration, Courts, Police, Railways, Posts and Telegraphs, Customs, Tariffs, Currency, Public Works, Irrigation (near 40 million acres), etc., etc., all of which have been established by British "guts and brains," the will of the future Indian Minister will prevail: the Viceroy of the future will in practice be shorn of all his beneficial activities and will become a mere "Vice-roi fainéant."

The Great Queen's Promise

The British Raj may remain in name. But its representatives, from the Viceroy down, will have no real power to ensure to India's hundreds of millions the essentials of "good government" solemnly promised to them in Queen Victoria's memorable proclamation and repeated in so many subsequent Royal messages and Statutes. These essentials are: (1) External and internal security; (2) Impartial justice; (3) An efficient and progressive administration; (4) Light taxation. Every one of these is seriously jeopardised by the White Paper proposals which according to Mr. Baldwin are the only means of keeping India within the Empire! Hobbes in the 17th century described the Papacy as "a pale ghost sitting on the tomb of the Holy Roman Empire." Hobbes was wrong, because, however weak the Pope for the time being might be, the mighty world-wide organisation he controlled remained intact. But the similar secular organisation which the Viceroy now controls under Parliament is to be taken from him and placed in inexperienced, partisan, and perhaps hostile hands; in the process it will be badly shaken, if not broken; and a future historian may rightly describe the future Viceroy as "a pale ghost sitting on the tomb of the once glorious British Indian Empire." The pale ghost will soon be expelled by the twin demons of invasion and anarchy resuming their lost dominions. Will the British people and Parliament realise the danger in time to avert the greatest betrayal in history?

Those Land Taxes and These Conservatives

By Lord Lymington

DISRAELI attacking Peel once said:—"It is well known what a Parliamentary Middleman is. He is a man who bamboozles one party and plunders the other, until having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he cries out 'let us have no party questions but fixity of tenure.'"

Such Middlemen, that is coalitions, deal in discounts on principles and on the nation's integrity. We are told that in order to keep equality of sacrifice (that is of principles not surely of personal gain) in the National Government, we must leave the land taxes on the statute book for any possible Liberal-Labour Government to put into force by a mere resolution.

Too Much to Swallow

We have had to swallow these dormant taxes for the moment at all events in deference to Mr. Baldwin's appeal for solidarity inside the National Government's Cabinet. This is because his labour colleagues have swallowed the decision to tax the reserve profits of Co-operative Societies and wish to save their faces before their erstwhile followers.

But deference and loyalty in the end can only be placed where they are deserved, which is not any longer where they asked to be placed. But for the feeling of graver issues impending, that loyalty would have broken already. For we are all too well aware that last year these taxes were left untouched out of deference to Mr. Baldwin's deference to the then Mr. Snowden; because he had—not too creditably—helped to win the General Election. Now we must leave them untouched because the Prime Minister in a speech of incredible tergiversation assumed responsibility for the Co-op. tax. We cannot find a principle in the taxation of Co-ops. since the collection of income tax has long since ceased to follow any principle other than the line of least resistance. Nor in Mr. MacDonald's humiliating war and post-war record can we find cause to believe that he alone can save the state for Englishmen. Truly the way of Mr. Baldwin with a coalition in 1922 is not his way in 1932-33.

These are hard words and it needs to be shown that for us, who believe in Government by right principle instead of expediency, the land taxes are a breach of such principle. They were threshed out fully in the budget of 1931. Our then leaders saw fit to proclaim in effect that they would be repealed *in toto* by any succeeding Conservative Government. But here it is right to remind readers of their significance since the public memory is short.

There is no tax that is not destructive of what it taxes. Tariffs, the free trader is never tired of telling us, will destroy our foreign trade because they will destroy our import trade. Death duties have destroyed capital and therefore responsibility and thrift in those among the community for whom wealth should mean trusteeship for the

future of the country. Mr. Lloyd George's land taxes in 1908 set back the housing and development of Britain for more than half a generation, because they aimed at the same thing as the present land taxes.

Taxes levied for the sake of the revenue, which must be raised in greater or lesser degree according to the extravagance of Government and the exigencies of the times, should therefore always seek to destroy foreign imports where these can justifiably be produced at home, or they should be raised on luxuries or on wealth irresponsibly administered; and if these sources prove insufficient they should be spread over the nation to provide the minimum of disturbance. This last is the full and only justification for taxing the undistributed profits of the Co-operative Societies.

Yet on analysis the land taxes at present in suspension but still on the statute books provide no single justification on any of these grounds.

They are to be levied in the form of a rate on a valuation of improved land (as distinct from unimproved purely agricultural land) at the present valuation of 1d. on the £ capital value. This in effect comes to an annual rating tax of 1s. 8d. in the £. Thus, says the Socialist, any improvement made for the community's benefit will not go into the pocket of the landlord. Fine words, but untrue. In the first place, since it is in the form of a rate, it is an invitation to any municipality to be extravagant at the expense of a man or men who can have no control of expenditure, an invitation to Populism only equalled by the present Government's so called temporary plan to recoup unthrifty and therefore distressed areas at the expense of the rates of the thrifty areas in the 1933 budget.

Insult to Injury

In the second place the 1931 land taxes are to be levied so as not to tax the speculator in land values, but only the original landlord, who may have hated to see everyone of the so called improvements and possibly damnable and degrading marks of "Progress" on which the increased valuations are to be based.

Last and worst of all any landlord who has done honest improvements for himself and his tenants is to be taxed equally with those who might admittedly benefit by the improvement from the public purse. Is it any wonder therefore that any private development is being seriously deterred so long as the land taxes remain on the statute book? No one believes, while this Kerensky Government with such an internationalist at their head exists, that we are likely to have anything but a Socialist-Communist Government succeeding us which will immediately and without further ado put the land taxes in operation not at 1s. 8d. in the £ annual taxes, but at 3s. 4d. or 6s. 8d.

It has been said that this land tax is in the form of a rate. The whole principle of rating in local

Government has been that, however badly a locality may be administered, the final judgment must always rest with the local Government electors who have to foot the bill. Poplarism brings its own reward by the verdict of the neighbours. But the principle of the land taxes is to supply funds for local government without local responsibility, and in doing so to penalise the good landlord for the benefit of thriftless administration and the speculator.

The land taxes are based on class prejudice and propagated to destroy whatever is good in our system and our traditions. They are, therefore, a matter of vital principle to all but the Communist, for whom they are the handiest instrument of revolution.

We are asked to keep this serpent caged until

someone lets him out. This we must do for the *amour propre* of a Government so devoid of principle and purpose in the governance of Englishmen that it is wellnigh bound to bring Communism in its train.

It is time that we consider politics as the instrument of National purpose rather than as the means of saving the faces of discredited and uncreditable individuals. The English are still able to die for a faith in their country. In a world which apparently faces death only for advertisement let us once more face political death to save the realities of political life.

No other means will save us from the retribution of the masses of Englishmen who have been betrayed by the party politics of this last and most unholy of coalitions.

Covent Garden "Curtain"

Departed Glories.—By Horace Wyndham

ON June 9th the curtain fell on the "last performance" of the 1933 season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden. Sighs also fell at the thought that (unless the unexpected happens) it has fallen there for the last time, and that the pickaxe of the demolishers may be the next sound heard within its auditorium. Well, during its long history, the "last performance" at what Sala, with characteristic periphrasis, dubbed "a district not a hundred miles from Bow Street," has taken place there on several occasions. Yet, somehow or other, the famous red and purple curtain has always managed to rise again. In fact, devotees have so often heard of the "Doom of Grand Opera" that they feel that 1934 will still find them in their accustomed stalls and boxes.

Ups and Downs of Opera

It was not until April, 1847, that Covent Garden Theatre started its career as the "Royal Italian Opera House," in rivalry with the better known Her Majesty's. The rivalry was unfriendly, for Delafield, the manager, lured a number of seceders from the Haymarket house. Among the list of such were Grisi, Mario, Persiani, Tamburini, and, with them, Michael Costa himself (in white kid gloves and carefully parted back hair) to conduct the orchestra. This competition so near his throne, upset Lumley, the Haymarket impresario, who asserted that nobody else in London had the "right" to produce Italian Opera. But his protestations had no effect. Covent Garden drew half London with Grisi, and the Haymarket drew the other half with Jenny Lind. None the less, Lumley could not last. The pace was too hot for him, and he had to seek the shelter of the bankruptcy court.

Delafield soon followed him there, for, under his regime, Covent Garden was conducted on such a lavish scale that, although he had started with a capital of £100,000, he was £50,000 to the bad.

Frederick Gye, who had been his assistant, then took the helm. But the dice was loaded against him; and in 1856 the building fell a victim to what the journalists of the period called "the devouring element" and was burned to the ground. Undaunted by this mishap, he shifted his company to the adjoining Lyceum, and set to work to erect a new opera house on the ashes of the old one. The Duke of Bedford granted a 90 years' lease at a moderate rent and contributed £15,000 to the building fund. Barry, R.A., who prepared the design, made a good job of it; and the work was completed within eight months, at a cost of £70,000, or considerably less than what would now be required for a "palais de danse" or a cinema.

The new house re-opened in 1858 with Flotow's *Martha*; and during their temporary season, William Harrison and Louisa Pyne revived Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*. In 1861 Grisi took her farewell, and a young girl of 18 (snatched from the grasp of a rival) made her debut there. This was Adelina Patti, who, from then until 1864, sang at Covent Garden every year.

Fusion of Interests

In the days of our grandparents, as now, London was not large enough to support two establishments devoted to opera. In 1869, accordingly, John Henry Mapleson (a *soi-disant* "Colonel" and lessee of Her Majesty's) formed a coalition with Gye. The fusion promised well. But, notwithstanding the florid and flowery tributes of Joseph Bennett (written in the choicest Telegraphese) the stars under their joint control declined to twinkle in amalgamation. Costa threw down his baton; Arditì picked it up and dropped it again; and Nilsson and Santley betook themselves elsewhere. As a result, the partnership from which so much had been hoped was short lived. Yet the first season had brought a good deal of cash to the box-office. Gye then

secured another partner. But there was discord, instead of harmony, between them; and the two had "words" on the matter of a balance sheet. An action followed in the law courts, and eventually went up to the House of Lords. Gye got judgment, but very little else.

Help from Harris

With the death of Gye in 1878, Covent Garden fell on evil days (and nights). A circus followed Salvini; and a mountebank, William Holland, endeavoured to attract the public with the sort of buffooneries he had offered his patrons at Rosherville and similar haunts. Things went from bad to worse. In 1884 the house suffered something very like a financial eclipse, and, so far as opera was concerned, became moribund. It was shortly after this that Augustus Harris appeared on the scene, and set himself to lift Opera out of the doldrums.

The first prospectus of "Druriolanus" was issued in 1888. With characteristic energy he cut away the worn out traditions and breathed fresh life and spirit into the venture. Although at first he lost money, he gained prestige. He brought back to the fold Jean de Reske and Cassali and Calvé; he gave Melba (then scarcely known) a contract; and, in the face of opposition from the Prince of Wales, he let London hear the *Meistersinger* at Covent Garden in 1889. Since Opera was international, he also had the wit in 1892 to eliminate the meaningless label "Italian" when French and German works were given. Greatest triumph of all, he even made Opera "pay." Unfortunately, he did not hand on the secret to the syndicate (once described by an unhappy misprint as "synagogue") that followed him.

The death of King Edward was a severe blow to Grand Opera in London, but the War was a worse one. Its repercussions were felt at Covent Garden, and from 1914-1920 the house was in shuttered darkness. Sir Thomas Beecham and his merry men made a series of gallant efforts to keep things going; but, as he was soon to discover, little can be done in fallow soil.

During its long and checkered history the Covent Garden auditorium has adopted almost every imaginable shift to lure a fickle public. There have been "two shows a night," and, more than once, two nights a show. Sandwiched in between Grand Opera, patrons have been offered Russian ballets and fancy-dress balls, pantomimes and promenade concerts, and conjurers and circuses; and, following form, in 1923 an *entrepreneur* "presented" George Robey in an American-made "revue." Of some of these efforts, the less said, the better.

It has often been whispered that the Grand Opera directorate have failed to move with the times. Certainly, a Rip van Winkle spirit would appear to have lingered at Covent Garden. Thus, even in 1932 the programme bore an S.O.S. appeal that "Ladies should remove their bonnets." Nothing, however, was said about their crinolines and bustles.

The Joost Ballets

LONDON owes Mr. C. B. Cochran yet another debt for his enterprise in giving us a fortnight of the Joost Ballets at the Savoy Theatre. They return to the old true principle that dancing is "an independent theatrical art, which cannot be interpreted in words." The spectator is set as it were in another dimension of time, in which the pattern and rhythm of life as a whole, as opposed to its sections which alone in this time of ours we can experience, are expressed by the poetry of motion. The story which too often in ballet diverts attention from the dancing is left so vague that our thought and feelings fit automatically and without an effort into the lines that form, break and re-form.

In the first part of the programme this principle was admirably carried out. "The Big City" three scenes from the kaleidoscope of the modern town, showed convincingly the significant rhythm that lies beneath the opposites of wealth and poverty, finery and rags, the true lover and the gay Lothario. "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte" is glorious in its colour of Velasquez purples and browns, and "A Ball in Old Vienna" delighted the eye with the simple ease of all its movements that flowed so gracefully to Lanner's waltzes.

It was like Mr. Cochran's audacity to offer to the London public on the very day of the opening of the so grandiloquently named World Economic Conference a merciless satire on all such conferences. The main event of the evening was "The Green Table," which opened with a cruel and macabre representation of congenial idiots who control the affairs of nations sitting round a table and behaving like the ghosts and skeletons of a lunatic's dream. Their antics were so life-like that they sent a shudder down the backbone, and it is surprising that some spectators were so deficient in a sense of humour as to laugh.

The spectre of War follows their grotesque manoeuvres and all its horrors are emphasised. Yet those who die for the flag, the ideal, meet their end with a serenity which does not belong to the treacherous profiteer. The tragedies of women, mothers and wives are given their full emotional value, and the ballet ends with the Gentlemen in Black once again round their conference table, performing the same old antics.

"The Green Table" was impressive, but it did not ring quite true. The composer of the ballet had forgotten the main principle of his art and could not forget that he was trying to represent "the destructive power of modern war." Somehow the propagandist had crept in, and ingenious as were the dances and scenes a sense of falsity obscured the effect. War which was being held up as the plague and scourge from time to time became something more, or rather completely, universal, Death the Healer. The ballet fails because its composer tries to conceal from himself behind the grisly form of war the inevitable fact that suffering and death are the lot of all always.

H.W.A.

"The Navy Gives a Show"

By Philip Mackenzie

PUBLICITY has become essential to any enterprise. And what greater enterprise is there than the upkeep of our Navy and the fostering of that sea sense which has saved us from humiliation time and again? The other arms realised the value of publicity some time ago. The army has its tattoos at Aldershot and Tidworth, the Royal Air Force has its Hendon. A few years ago the Senior Service forsook its policy of aloofness so far as to institute "Navy Weeks" at the great naval ports. By these the taxpayers may see his ships under the least romantic conditions possible—the drabness of a dockyard and the acute footweariness induced by cobble stones and railway lines.

The present pageant at Greenwich deserves every support. The Senior Service has a name for doing any job well, and in this case it has certainly lived up to its reputation. The arena for the pageant, the space between the two magnificent Wren buildings of the Royal Naval College, is second to none in majestic beauty, and the very ground is hallowed to the naval tradition.

Naval history is in every stone of Greenwich. It is first heard of in the time of Alfred the Great, the first of our island's "sailor kings." Centuries later it became a royal palace and Henry VIII. lived there, midway between his dockyards of Woolwich and Deptford while building the "king's ships," the greatest of which was the world renowned "Henri Grace à Dieu." It was here that Drake was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and it was here that the queen heard the news of the final discomfiture of the mighty armada of Philip of Spain—two episodes worthily shown in the pageant.

In the time of William and Mary, Greenwich became a pensioner hospital for seamen, analogous to Chelsea. The first pensioners to be accommodated there were the veterans of the battle of La Hogue in 1700. For over a century constant warfare kept Greenwich thronged with pensioners. After Trafalgar there were no less than three thousand in residence. It was here, in Sir James Thornhill's magnificent "Painted Hall," surrounded by the maimed veterans of his many sea fights, that Nelson lay in state for three days and nights before being taken to St. Paul's for burial. The most poignant scene in the pageant is that which depicts Nelson's funeral, and the organ which booms out Handel's chords is the very one which played that same music during the actual ceremony.

The years of peace, after the Napoleonic Wars saw a steady diminution in the numbers of pensioners at Greenwich, until in 1869 there were but thirty-seven left. The hospital was then closed, to be opened a few years later as the Royal Naval College.

For the pageant a stand has been erected between the King Charles and the Queen Anne

buildings. This stand accommodates 12,000 people and is the largest temporary stand ever built. Even in the midst of the modernistic forest of steel tubing of this erection, history rears its head. The boxed in head of the statue of George II. projects through the floor of the stand a few feet from the Royal Box, so that the royalty of today will be grouped about the shoulders of the royalty of yesterday. And this is no ordinary statue. Like every other stone in Greenwich, it has its history. The block of marble from which it is hewn was originally intended for a statue of Louis XIV., but Rooke fell in with the ship which was carrying it. He captured it and brought it to Greenwich, and it was subsequently used for this statue of George II.

The producers of this pageant of naval tradition have not relied only upon history. They have produced a most magnificent spectacle, and have employed an invention likely to revolutionise stage craft throughout the world. Across the back of the arena there is a screen over thirty feet high, and upon this is projected a tumbling sea. Across this there passes in constant review a procession of the ships of all ages, each one moving sedately and with astounding realism. Thus we see in action Elizabethan cockleshells, Nelson's frigates and liners, such monstrosities of a changing age as the "Great Eastern," and finally the Grand Fleet, which, for all its lack of opportunity, was the deciding factor in the Great War. This wonderful optical illusion, the very last word in shadowgraph, has been produced by a professor of the Royal Naval College.

For once the Senior Service has revealed, not its romantic though rather taciturn exterior, but something of the spirit with which it is inspired.

Escape

What is there real

But what I feel?

I'm going to pretend.

What is the truth

But pain forsooth

Allow me to pretend.

Even a fact

Is but an act

So let me then pretend.

Things good to me

As bad you see,

Yes we will both pretend.

Though play is just

Myself I must

Know that I do pretend.

Honesty is trade

For commerce made

That we may all pretend.

Life, like a game

Ends just the same

If we do not pretend.

IRIS YGLESIAS.

Man Versus Buffalo—A Great Adventure

[Last week we published a letter from a big game hunter. This week our correspondent continues the tale of how he followed the wounded bull buffalo.—ED., S.R.]

WE went through jungle often on our hands and knees, but always on a good spoor and I was never far behind him. I suppose we went some 2 miles and then the spoor started going in a circle, and I suspected the old game of wheeling round on their tracks and waiting for you as you passed and charging from a flank, but nothing happened. Needless to say, by this time we were going with extreme caution and under considerable nerve tension—marvellous fun.

Suddenly a small decline and the bush ahead as thick and black as night. One couldn't see a couple of yards, but something told me he was here. I pulled up on my hands and knees and the Masai crept to one side and my boy on the other and there for 5 minutes we waited, listening and peering, and none of us could hear or see a thing. I was just moving on when my own boy gave a sort of nervous cough, and crash bang from seven yards range the devil came like a train. I jumped to my feet and even then at first couldn't really see him. Both boys ran, but in doing so the Masai knocked me off my balance and I nearly fell—and so the invaluable second was lost, for by then the buffalo was on me and all I could do was to fire from the hip and I hit him too low in the face.

I jumped clear over his horns, but he wheeled like a cat and knocked me spinning, my rifle flying from my hands. And now started what all hunters here consider to be a most amazing fight.

Now I have never yet believed in running from a dangerous animal and in all the "shows" I've had before I've never moved. To start with the animal can go far faster than you can, you can't see him, and you lose your nerve. It suddenly struck me that the only possible and remote hope I had was to get under his hind quarters and risk being rolled on and by this way perhaps escape his terrible horns and knees. So I dived under him and held like grim death on to one of his hind legs, and there he was down on his knees, roaring and tearing up the earth with his horns, trying to stamp the life out of me. I was being dragged through bush and thorns like a cork, and getting kicked and trampled on from his hind legs, but still had my senses. And so it went on for some time.

Suddenly he broke free and drew off for about 10 yards, and then down went his head and in with another charge. I thought I must be killed this time, but just as he was on me I rolled over, and his horn smashed my hip with a terrible jar, but again I got hold of his hind leg and again under him and so it went on. Five times he broke away and five times he charged and every time he smashed something. I was now "all in" and couldn't move, when suddenly my own boy, who had pulled himself together, appeared, and the

buffalo saw him and chased him. I weakly told him to get my rifle, which he did and tore to me with it. All I could move now was my left forearm and wrist. I could not aim, but as the buffalo left my boy and came for me again—God knows how I ever did it—I got him clean between the eyes and killed him. The .275 had won after all.

I think I must have fainted for I remember recovering and realising I was in a bad way and in terrible pain. I made the boys cut down a pole and they bound me to this with bark, and carried me eight miles to Camp. This took four hours and the pain was awful. At camp they put me on the floor of my van and with my head on one boy's lap, the other drove the 60 miles across country to an Indian Trading Station, where I arrived completely mad at 7 p.m.—13 hours after the accident. There was, thank God, a telegraph line there and they wired Nairobi. I lay out all night, but at dawn a gallant Airman came out and took me 130 miles to Nairobi, where I arrived 32 hours after the affair.

I have been well looked after here, and two marvellous operations have been done, but it's going to be a long, weary and painful time, although the terrific pain of the first bit is now past. The whole thing created a terrific stir here at the time, though I was far too ill to know it—but I refused to see any of the press, so they wrote all sorts of amazing things, and goodness knows what didn't get into the English Press—but here you have the correct story.

A lot of well-known hunters have been up to see me and congratulate me, so I am content. I have no regrets, I should always do the same again—and had the Masai not nearly knocked me over, although it would have been touch and go, I think I should have got him. Anyhow, in hunting game at close range as I have done so many times, it is only a question of time before one gets it, and one has to face the music and try to put up as good a show as possible—and take the consequences.

It has of course ruined my Cairo venture, as February is the only possible month when it is possible to attempt the Sudd, so when I am well I shall have to go home by boat. But I am sure I shall return to Africa and perhaps to Durban.

The last buff was 49½ in. spread. Not a bad pair for a morning's work! The best two I'd ever seen.

This also may interest you: in nearly all pictures of charging buffalos you will see the chin drawn well under and behind the horns. This is wrong. When they charge they lay the head right back with the chin out and the horns laid back towards the neck—it is not until the actual trampling starts that they get the horns and the boss forward.

Again I've sat up night after night at pools watching them drink, and the herd is invariably led by a cow. Three nights running I sat over one pool and the same herd came each night and the same cow led each time.

I have been stampeded or charged eight times by herds, and each time I have sat still and shot the animal which was actually coming at me—and

each time I was lucky to get it. In every case it was an old cow I got, with the others thundering by on each side. Surely this is more than a coincidence?

This is a long yarn, and it's difficult for one to write on one's back. It is quite accurate, and as a hunter and sportsman yourself I hope it may interest you.

THEATRE

The Burgomaster of Stilemonde. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Little Theatre.

HERE is a play with all the ingredients of genuine tragedy, yet somehow it fails to move us. A small advance-force of the invading German army has arrived at Stilemonde, and the Burgomaster is made responsible for the good conduct of his townspeople. Then one of the German officers is murdered, and Claus, the Burgomaster's gardener, is arrested on suspicion. His innocence is obvious. But the murder must be avenged as an "example"; and the Burgomaster is given the appalling choice of either surrendering an innocent old servant to the firing-party, or going voluntarily to face it in his stead. He decides without hesitation that the only person any honourable man may sacrifice is his own self.

All this happens fairly early in the play; and thereafter our sympathy with the heroic Burgomaster is dissipated by a series of minor incidents and quasi-philosophical discussions, during which the major tragedy stands still. But it is not so much these diversions that chill our emotions, as the character of the Burgomaster himself. He is, as he confesses, barely conscious of his tragic situation. The violent death awaiting him has no terror for him. He remains throughout so unwaveringly cheerful that there seems no reason to be sorry for him. And after all, if the victim of a tragedy is unappalled by it, neither can we in the audience be horrified. If only his creator had allowed him one brief moment of panic, of self-pity, of regret that he had acted so heroically, then even the most stony-hearted of us must have wept for him. But his inhuman cheerfulness, his incessant concern for everybody else's happiness, not to mention his loquaciousness—how can one feel sorrow for a man who feels no sorrow for himself? Tragedy is in the heart of man, not in the mere circumstances giving rise to it.

Yet the play, with its picture of a Belgian village in the occupation of an invading army, is far from uninteresting. And the part of the Burgomaster gives Sir John Martin Harvey the opportunity of portraying a very charming, and in many ways a very human, little Belgian. The other actors are less fortunate—with two exceptions. The role of the simple old gardener, Claus, is a "gift," and Mr. Ben Field had no difficulty in winning the audience's sympathy. And Mr. Walter Piers played with admirable tact the difficult part of a

German officer on whose natural "decency" the author (rather, I could not help feeling, to the disappointment of the audience!) generously insisted. Mr. Malcolm Keen, with a few deft strokes, drew a clear-cut and convincing sketch of a conventional Prussian major. GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Strand Theatre. "Sally Who?" By Dion Titheradge.

AS an evening's entertainment, diversion, and agreeable amusement, this comedy or farce or extravaganza has a great deal to recommend it. The whole idea is almost farthest fetched and the characters are, for the most part, figures of fun cut on quite familiar patterns. But they are figures of genuine fun and, so long as an audience is mildly interested and completely diverted, why quarrel about improbabilities?

Sally (Jessie Matthews), the good-natured, common but not commonplace, supposed, daughter of an Australian innkeeper (in the Bush) who had been a barmaid in England, arrives at the house in Regent's Park of her father, an eminent and fashionable doctor, reputed a bachelor, in the middle of a dinner party in honour of his fiancée, a haughty young woman with a snob for a mother. Hence all the obvious complications, deceptions, evasions and consequences.

Of course, Sally's arrival and eventual recognition smash up the engagement; equally of course Sally gets herself engaged to the fiancée's brother (Sonnie Hale) who defies his family successfully. But, in addition, her father's oldest friend, also a doctor, claims to be her real father. There is here a friendly rivalry for this—one might have supposed—embarrassing daughter. But then a third claimant turns up—the Irish innkeeper from the Australian bush, from whose brutalities Sally had fled (by means of money stolen from his till) to the father discovered among her mother's secret papers. Then "the plot thickens," the fun "waxes fast and furious," and "the dénouement" is "ingeniously contrived."

Miss Jessie Matthews has a tremendous lot to do and does it admirably—without any finesse or originality but with cleverness, inexhaustible vitality, and unstinted exuberance. Mr. Sonnie Hale also has a great deal to do and does it admirably with a very genuine power of comic acting and a fine perception of character. Mr. Arthur Wontner gives his doctor the romantic dignity of an Ambassador from Ruritania and the invincible English manners and deportment that are made at Winchester and copied at Eton. G.C.P.

Music and Musicians By Herbert Hughes

IT does not appear that the amateurs of music were very well served by the Conference at Broadcasting House. Anyone who has any experience of conferences, whether public or private knows that the chief difficulty is generally that of keeping the conversation relevant. When it is a matter of life and death, speakers may stick to the point: a crisis in war, a crisis in a sick room, a crisis at a board meeting. When it is a matter of policy tongues are loosed and the objective is either negated by new points of view or obscured by misinterpretation of ideas. Much was expected of this Conference called by the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals. How much resulted?

If one were to take one's information exclusively from the Press, one would find that Sir John Reith, the host of the occasion, took up a certain time in defending the B.B.C. As well defend the unexpected erection of a new pillar box at a corner of your street. One need not be a fatalist to realise that whatever one says or writes or thinks regarding the policy of the B.B.C. matters not two small hoots. Sir John Reith had courtesy and every sort of commonsense on his side and one may leave it at that.

More closely in contact with the man in the street was the well-beloved Walford Davies. To him the newspapers devoted just enough space to record part of his disquisition on "mechanised" music, failing to note that that rather silly side-issue was so remotely outside the subject of the Conference as to become almost astronomical. Sir Walford's telescope that permits him to view Windsor Castle was, I am afraid, a facetious interpolation and did not help towards the understanding (as distinct from the definition) of "mechanised" music. Yet no one would doubt that the heart of Sir Walford Davies is in the right place.

By some insensate twist of conversation the hoary subjects of an opera subsidy and a ministry of Fine Arts came into the debate. Of course, the amateur, nobody's child, was roped into both and finally deserted. Dr. Adrian Boult, if he was reported aright, defended the subsidy on the ground that Wagner's operas ought to be broadcast from Covent Garden "or some such place." He pleaded that people really wanted broadcast opera, and the discussion evidently embraced the proper application of a Government subsidy. Here the Conference, not for the first time that morning, side-slipped and the subject did not now immediately concern the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals. It was apparently Dr. Geoffrey Shaw who eventually pulled the debate together by suggesting that the after-school age of so many young executants, stranded between one important phase and the next, was a matter for national concern. Others spoke, some of them well, but the upshot with its irrelevancies of opera and a ministry of Fine Arts, was as nearly nil as makes no matter.

My own feeling is that the musical world at the present moment does not correspond to Captain

Boyle's "state of chassis," however nearly it may approach it. Jeremiads are out of place. It is certainly untidy, but it requires much more than the helpful words of Sir John Reith, Dr. Boult, Sir Walford Davies and other charming people to set it straight. There is no movement in the whole of England so much alive, so proud, so confident, so successful from every conceivable point of view, national and æsthetic, as that of the Competition Festivals. It is, moreover, self-supporting. And there is no subject, from a national or æsthetic point of view, so damned from the beginning as that of a subsidy for a moribund and discredited Covent Garden, or a Ministry of Fine Arts which would be directed by patriotic busybodies. Only a miracle could save either concern from the operations of the bureaucrat and the mandarin; only a miracle could prevent the art of music being used by place-hunters as a lever for social or political ambition.

Let those who have the interests of music truly at heart turn their thoughts to the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, and to this Federation. Opera is more safely in the hands of Miss Baylis, with her two little theatres, than in those of any Government department. The amateur may find consolation in an occasional flicker of encouragement from the "mechanised" heart of the B.B.C. just as the professional does; under future conditions, following this Conference, he may even find more. But in a country where his scope is still unlimited he should look neither to an Opera Subsidy nor a Ministry of Fine Arts if he wishes to preserve his identity. If the Federation does not look after the amateur the amateur will look after the Federation.

Non Nobis, Domine

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us
The victory impute;
Not unto us the planting of the tree—
Not unto us the fruit.
Not unto us the brain that bore the plan—
Hands that performed the deed,
Ours to fulfil, like dull automata,
That which Thou hast decreed."
So down the ages rings the cry of Man—
Craven through all his years—
Fearing to reap the harvest of his life,
Lest tares outnumber ears.
"Not unto us the weakness or the strength—
Fell deed or act sublime.
Not unto us the selfless sacrifice,
Not unto us the crime."
Thus he gives glory like a two-edged sword—
Gives it, and takes away;
Blesses and curses in a single breath;
Grasps not, yet will not pay.
"Not unto us the credit be ascribed—
(Not unto us the blame!)
Not unto us the victory, O Lord—
(Not unto us the shame!)"

MURIEL ELIZABETH GREY.

NEW NOVELS

Captain Bottell. By James Hanley. Boriswood. 8s. 6d.

A Meave Must Marry. By Dorothea Conyers. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Holiday. By Richmal Crompton. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

As the Earth Turns. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Tarzan the Invincible. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY ANNE ARMSTRONG]

MR. JAMES HANLEY has been "suspect" now for quite a long time; since, in fact, he wrote "Aria and Finale." Not, let me hasten to add, by Scotland Yard, but by more humble fry, the reviewers, whose apparent duty every now and then is to find new and better masterpieces. Pens have been poised in expectation ready to write such extravagant phrases as "the most creative artist among contemporary novelists," or to describe his works as "the most remarkable achievement in present-day fiction." Well, he has done his part and the reviewer will have his chance. "Captain Bottell" is sufficiently out of the ordinary for those who are on the outlook for a masterpiece to proclaim it so, and sufficiently one-sided for the reviewer, who discovers that he has not damned anything lately, to damn it into the next world. And again, it is obscure enough for the reviewer to go his own wilful way and to ascribe inner meanings and explanations to Mr. Hanley of which he, poor author, is quite unaware. And this reviewer? It is, in my opinion, only likely to please those members of the reading public who are interested in the slow unfolding of character and in facts only as they are related to character.

A Lady Among Sailors

Captain Aloysius Bottell was not a romantic man. He had, for instance, hardly breathed a sigh when he had to exchange sail for steam. He was a strict disciplinarian and he was, in his own line of navigation, the best man in the Company. His cargo boat had not carried passengers for the past twelve years, but on the last and ill-fated trip of the Oroya, this rule had been broken and Mrs. Willoughby was joining her husband in Basra and travelling to him in the Oroya. That some member of the ship's company would fall in love with Mrs. Willoughby was inevitable, but that it should be Captain Bottell, was as staggering to his crew as it was to Captain Bottell. And Captain Bottell's subsequent behaviour was as staggering as Mr. Hanley could make it. The first part of the book drags along with an almost total lack of action. Mrs. Willoughby makes a bee-line for one of the firemen (a most odd man who still failed at the end to explain his oddness unless it was to act as foil to the Captain and to accentuate the poor man's jealousy), has pleasant little conversations with him which last for four hours at a time (this also seems a little odd to this

reviewer, but let me hasten to add that I have never travelled on a cargo boat to Basra and this may be the correct procedure), and generally makes a lot of trouble. Captain Bottell falls desperately in love with Mrs. Willoughby (although he has hardly seen her) and, with her on his mind night and day, and worrying because after many years of service his Company may be dispensing with him, he slowly and as surely goes mad. The other characters matter little and need not worry us here.

The last part of the book is a description of a magnificent storm, and the poor demented Captain is left to go down in the Oroya.

An unbalanced book with moments of genius, characterisation that is far and away above the average, and a storm fit to rage with the great storms of the thousand and one seas of fiction. But not the book I expected from Mr. Hanley. Perhaps next time?

An Irish Story

"A Meave must Marry"? Of course she must and, alanna, acushla, darlint, be aisy and he the wrong man, bad cess to it. Of course Meave O'Connor, heiress of Crom, must hunt and love horses and dogs and have strange, queer and lovable but unbelievable friends, family and neighbours. Of course true love (this time as a sop to modernity, Miss Conyers has got her Meave in love with a married man and, in self-defence, engaged to a self-sacrificing sort of sporting saint) runs roughly, and of course (this time as another sop to modernity on the eve of Meave's quite inexcusable suicide) is smoothed out in the last pages. And of course there are stables and gallops and hunts and horsiness on every page of this "mixture as before." Not, perhaps, the very best Conyers. But enough of houses and Ireland (an Ireland a trifle Hollywooded?) and queer humanity and romance to please a lot of readers, like myself, who love horses more than they cherish artifice.

Miss Richmal Crompton has the great gift of writing of the everyday things of life and of turning them into just the sort of things we want to read about. Not giving them undue prominence, but just catching the angle that fascinates. It is rather like watching an angler and an amateur both trying to catch a trout. By a flick of the wrist the angler will put the fly exactly to his fish, while I, when I try, fail to master that abominable flick and try how hard I may, my fly is away behind me in the trees or, and this is worse, reposing in my companion's hair or arms or legs! "The Holiday" is the simple and, because of the flick given it by Miss Crompton, much more than simple story of how a family of children spend their days while their father, a clergyman, is doing temporary duty in a neighbouring parish. Miss Crompton is very close to the land of E. M. Delafield and, though without her hard glitter of wit and humour, she is as shrewd and sympathetic as she can be and her knowledge of children, of childish ways and hopes and fears will endear her to her public more than ever. "The Holiday" is as delightful a book.

"As the Earth Turns" is the sort of book that smells of the earth. There is no sophistication in its pages and that, in an age when even small people are learning the art of sophisticating themselves away to nothing, is a welcome change. The story is moulded on the seasons, and goes as easily from page to page as season follows season. The story deals with the family of Shaw and all that happens to them during a year. They are held together by the girl Jen, who is in her way the embodiment of all the seasons; spring, summer, autumn and winter, and, staying at home and attending to the wants of the others, she does at last find happiness for herself. If you are interested in a New England Family and can appreciate slow, careful characterisation, you will enjoy Miss Carroll's story.

A Crowded Jungle

And Tarzan! He is still swinging his way through giant forests. There are plenty of Great Apes, a golden lion who is, metaphorically speaking, led about on a string by those people of whom the great Tarzan approves; there is Tantor the elephant, little Nkima the monkey who screams and hangs round Tarzan's neck. There is La the beautiful High Priestess of the Flaming God, and this time there is an involved story of Russian conspirators who, oddly enough, have taken up their position in Tarzan's jungle.

There have been better and less involved stories of Tarzan—and surely in a jungle that size one wouldn't keep running into people as though it was Clapham or Tooting?

Versailles

Peacemaking 1919. By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 18s.

[REVIEWED BY O. M. GREEN.]

AMONG the almost too copious records for a future historians of the Paris Peace Conference, Mr. Nicolson's absorbing book will deserve a high place. There is more of the journalist in it than in his Biography of Lord Carnock, but good journalism is a large part of the stuff of history. Even while in the very centre, as a very busy member of the British Secretariat, Mr. Nicolson seems to have been able to see things equally from the external point, and now reviews them with admirable detachment. And unlike some scribes he has no axe to grind.

This is not to say that he draws no moral. Particularly convincing is his conclusion that "the main enemy of good diplomacy is imprecision" (to which the "new" diplomacy is specially prone) and his detestation of "diplomacy by conference" (to which it is still proner). "There is nothing more damaging to precision in international relations than friendliness between the Contracting Parties" which tends only to "allusiveness, compromises, and high intentions." With what tragic results for Great Britain has this truth been illustrated in the past fourteen years!

Mr. Nicolson's picture of the Conference recalls one of those modern tone-poems, which produce a mere blur of sound devoid alike of time, tune, harmony, rhythm or cohesion. The high hopes with which everyone went to Paris died in utter disillusion and the summing-up in Mr. Nicolson's diary, after the most graphic description of the signing at Versailles that one can recall, was "It has all been horrible." In the then boiling temper of the world "it would have been impossible even for supermen to devise a peace of moderation and righteousness." Mr. Nicolson defends Mr. Lloyd George as "in fact more cautious, more liberal, than were the people by whom he is to-day traduced." But the fever of the "coupon election" of 1918 swept him away.

Apart from unpreventable obstacles, there was no proper preparation. The French had submitted a programme of agenda which one reads with sadness now, but they spoke disrespectfully of the projected League of Nations and President Wilson did not even answer the French Ambassador's letter. The whole thing was improvisation. For ten weeks the delegates did not know whether they were imposing peace terms or negotiating a treaty. Posterity will chiefly be impressed by the appalling hypocrisy of the conclusions. Yet it was largely unintentional.

Of course, President Wilson's presence at the Conference was one of the worst of its many disasters. The manner in which the Italians, who had a bad case and no popularity, diddled him over the Brenner and South Tyrol first revealed his essential helplessness. They saw the two weaknesses in the American armour:

the first to obtain a moral victory over Europe such as would, once and for all, satisfy their passion for rescue-work and allay their own illusions of cultural and historic inferiority; the second was to obtain that victory without the slightest effort of personal abnegation.

After Wilson's defeat by Italy, his surrender to Japan over Shantung was inevitable. The American faculty for self-deception was never more pronounced than in Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Walter Page lamented that he never allowed the breath of other men's opinions to blow through his mind; that was perhaps his greatest disadvantage. The French Press, whose gibes hurt Wilson cruelly, "saw in him a rather comic and highly irritating professor."

Mr. Nicholson's diary of those days, which occupies the last third of the book, is most entertaining, particularly the account of the journey to see Bela Kun at Buda Pesth, and of Venizelos's skilful flatteries. Aspirants to the Diplomatic Service will certainly note that, after ten years, Mr. Nicolson's salary, income tax deducted, was the regal sum of £86 a year.

DIRECT subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Keeping Europe Sane

The Spirit of France. By P. Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

THIS work by the late Herr Cohen-Portheim is unlikely to appeal to Nazi Germany, for it expresses with real understanding the paramount part which France has played in continental Europe and must again play if Western civilisation is to be saved. There is nothing very new in his point of view. It has always been the rôle of France to keep alive the Roman spirit of commonsense and moderation. When the rest of the world goes mad among the clouds of an unmeaning idealism, the Frenchman brings it back to earth and reminds it of the world around and the job that must be done.

The Frenchman thinks logically and clearly, but seldom deeply; everything vague, nebulous, half-baked is alien and unsympathetic to him. In action as in thought, in his works as in his ideals, he stands for measure and order. He is no dreamer, he is not given to over-curious speculations, but neither is he a man of restless activity; he stands for cheerful enjoyment of life, for moderation in both work and pleasure. He cherishes no soaring ideals, but his not superhumanly sublime ones he nearly always achieves. No nation contains more wise people, if contentment be wisdom.

The writer goes on to describe the beauties of France, "the country in which one 'lives like God Almighty.'" Unfortunately his countrymen have always known only too well the advantages of France over their own land and it is to be feared that their covetousness of the good things on their Western frontier will for many years to come make it impossible to realise the European spirit to which he pins his aspirations.

The author is at his best when he discusses the influence exercised on the world by such Frenchmen as Louis XIV, Voltaire, Kousseau, the makers of the French Revolution and Napoleon. He is fully aware that Napoleon was the creator of modern France and that nothing essential in the framework he constructed has been destroyed. Napoleon, he says, "belongs to the small company of the daemonic personalities of history, who appear mysterious and superhuman to their contemporaries and to posterity, and stimulate their craving to worship."

France is one of the soundest nations in Europe: so far from showing signs of degeneration, it possesses the true Latin vitality, its health being largely due to the relatively small extent to which it has become industrialised.

So far so good. The author, however, becomes less definite and less persuasive as he comes towards modern times. The reviewer, who lived in Paris before the War, cannot agree with his view that at that time the insanity of the whole world reached its climax in Paris. Then, as always, the pleasure city mocked sense and reason, but within its bounds not more than a handful of real Parisians was to be found. Quietly and grimly in Paris, as in the provinces, that popular feeling of patriotic determination which saw the country through the War was being crystallised. Clemenceau was waiting for the moment he had foreseen since the day of defeat.

The book ends with a plea for that fusion of the Latin and Teutonic spirits which historically and practically France alone can give. Recent events have made such a conclusion even more improbable than it was before the author's death seven years ago.

A Man Who Did

Thirty-Five Years (1874-1909). By Henry Spenser Wilkinson. Constable. 16s.

THE autobiography of Spenser Wilkinson is a boon and an important event. He is generally recognised as one of the ablest writers on military and allied subjects that this country has produced, and his account of the most significant events between 1874 and 1909 restores with arresting clearness the political perspective that was shattered by the Great War.

It is interesting to learn that the vocation of so eminent a man should have been the effect of an accident. At the age of 21, during a holiday in Germany, the author picked up an Austrian pamphlet which gave a statistical account of the comparative strengths of the armies of the European States. He was startled to find that the British Army was insignificant in comparison with those of the Great Powers of Europe. From that moment he became a student of war. The reforms which he subsequently brought about, first of the Volunteer Force, then of the Regular Army, and finally of the Navy and Admiralty system, perhaps had a more profound influence on the destinies of this country than is realised. His single determination to get to the root of war, to understand the contrast between the British and the Continental military systems, and to make effective those reforms that his studies led him to believe essential to our independence, brought the author into vital contact with pulses of political life in this country and in Europe.

He was in Berlin on behalf of the *Manchester Guardian* during the Congo Conference of 1884, when he attended the debates in the Reichstag, and the impression he has recorded of Bismarck and Moltke is vivid in the extreme. Two years later his paper sent him to report on the agrarian situation in Ireland. The chapter dealing with this incident contains two most moving descriptions of stark want. Spenser Wilkinson is master of a simple and modelled prose that was once a feature of English journalism, but is now no longer to be met.

After 1890 the scope of the narrative is widened, becomes less personal and more closely identified with the features of national policy; in particular, the advocacy of Imperial Defence. The book which he wrote under that title in 1892 is the occasion of a very revealing chapter on Sir Charles Dilke, his collaborator in that work. Other notabilities with whom the author's wide travels and vital interests brought him into contact are Lord Roberts (under whose guidance Mr. Wilkinson made a military survey of the North-West Frontier), Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Milner, Arthur Balfour; and a considerable correspondence with the first-named enhances the permanent value of a delightful book.

Potsdamnation

Frederick the Great. By Werner Hegemann. Constable. 6s. Translated from the German by Winifred Ray.

THE Platonic conversation is a long recognised method of approach to a particular subject. It is a maze in which there are many interesting byways, not all of which lead to the core. But it is a method which has not often been applied to biography. Its success is largely due, in Herr Hegemann's case, to the complicated character of his subject, and to the fact that he is intent on debunking him.

These conversations take place chiefly between Hegemann, Thomas Mann, and the American, Manfred Ellis, whose enormous library, profound knowledge, and almost irritating intelligence drag the reader through an encyclopaedic review of the whole period, a university of philosophy and many schools of art and thought, and leave him, if he is not a specialist on the subject of Frederick the Great, wishing for the friendly steps of a few dates and reminders of occasions that he has forgotten.

The picture that emerges is not an attractive one. All that is worst in Prussia, all that is most barbaric in Prussianism, has its modern roots in Frederick and his system. It was his aim to make Prussia great at the expense of the German Empire. At the same time he despised Prussia—perhaps for putting up with him—and grew tired of ruling over a nation of slaves. He had neither a true sense of the value of nationalism nor a capacity to stand above nations. He was proud of speaking German badly. He was proud of his friendship for France and his slavish adulation of Voltaire. He was proud of being everybody's "condottiere" and nobody's master but Prussia's. He devastated more tracts of Europe than any other man of his century with troops who were more brutally disciplined and demoralised than those of any other nation, and yet considered himself a patron of the arts, a musician and a poet. He modelled his court on that of Louis XIV, but failed disastrously to make a Versailles of Potsdam or a Molière of a bullied Prussian dramatist. He failed to realise the qualities of Goethe. He had no imagination, execrable taste, and the rudimentary sense of humour which is only too typical of Prussia—although he considered himself an admirer of the wit of Voltaire.

He had a mind for detail. His published correspondence is full of care for such subjects as the proper dressing of his soldiers' wigs and beards. Unfortunately he was not so thoughtful on the larger questions of proper winter camp equipment, or the employment of up-to-date military tactics, with the result that his soldiers went to unnecessary death in their tens of thousands—but with their wigs properly powdered.

This is typical of Hegemann's (or Manfred Ellis's) whole destructive attitude towards Frederick the Great—his foreign policy, his artistic qualifications, and his beastly manners. It is an attitude which, in view of all the evidence produced, it would be difficult to refute. And indeed German scholars have been busy for some time

past scraping the whitewash from the man who had become a national idol, and revealing him as a very ugly figure indeed—"mad, bad and dangerous to know."

It will be interesting to see, in view of the present revival of Prussianism, whether any attempt will be made to restore the white-wash. It will be interesting—if unedifying—to see the artificial rehabilitation of a man who could sentence his soldiers to run the gauntlet 24 times (about 5,000 strokes), and write a poem on the eve of a battle because it was a remarkable thing to write a poem when he should have been attending to the details of his campaign.

Were Pitt's subsidies misplaced after all? Was the British taxpayer of 1770 as great a victim as the taxpayer of 1930?

Herr Hegemann does not answer all the points he raises, but he provides a banquet for the thoughtful reader.

"Gustus" or "Gaster"

The Anatomy of Dessert. With notes on Wine. By Edward A. Bunyard. Chatto & Windus. 5/- Net.

[REVIEWED BY ANDRE L. SIMON]

MR. BUNYARD is well known, not only in England but all over the apple-growing world, that is to say the civilised world, as one of the most reliable experts upon all matters connected with fruit-growing in general and apple-growing in particular. But there are some, such as the Members of the Saintsbury Club, who know Mr. Bunyard, not as the President of the Pomologist Society, nor as one of the shining lights of the Council of the Horticultural Society, but as a man who loves good wine, because he understands it. Like many other men, in this and other lands, in this and former ages, Mr. Bunyard not only understands and loves wine, but his understanding is articulate and his love is not barren. This new edition of "The Anatomy of Dessert" has been overdue for some time, the first being now difficult to find. Had it been a mere reprint of the first edition, its welcome was assured, but it is no mere reprint. Its value to a much wider circle of readers has been greatly increased by the inclusion of some very original "Notes on Wine," well worth the price of the book to those people—if there are any such—who take no interest in dessert.

It seems almost incredible that anybody can come at this late hour and write about wine without repeating what has been said before by somebody or other. The amethyst and every shade of colour has been pressed into service many times before to describe its colour; the verbena, rose and violet and every other flower has been brought in to convey to the listener's or to the reader's mind some idea of the sweet fragrance of various wines. So Mr. Bunyard will have none of them come to his assistance in his attempt to make us share retrospectively the enjoyment that was his when he drank the wines which he describes in his Notes. He strikes a new trail, a new chord, and tells us of wines that are

Wagnerian and of others which are to the scales of taste what the music of Beethoven, Mozart, César Franck and Chopin is to harmony.

One can easily, from his Notes, imagine what a highly sensitive man Mr. Bunyard must be, the sort of man who would ever so much prefer waiting upon himself rather than having the agonising clamp-clamp of a flat-footed maid anywhere near. One can also picture him as the hyper-sensitive misogynist who would shudder at the very thought of a snoring bed-mate, more particularly at this time of the year when he lies awake a'night, listening to the nightingales in the spinney outside his open window and drinking in with their song, past memories of Coteaux du Layon enjoyed in Touraine many years ago. But it is not good for man to live too much with his own thoughts.

These Notes on Wine will give much pleasure to, let us hope, a very large number of readers. But they will also do Mr. Bunyard some good, by bringing him up against hard facts and unfeeling people who will tell him where and when he is taking the wrong turning. Yes, sad as it is to relate, Mr. Bunyard has begotten in the dark hours of a songless winter's night a bandy-legged bastard for whom he dares to-day claim letters of legitimacy. As in Aesop's fable of old, one of those that "ce bon Monsieur Lafontaine" adapted and made so popular, Mr. Bunyard seems to think that it is time we put in its proper place that greedy fellow vulgarly known as the Belly, the "Gaster" of the Greeks, whence comes our Gastronomy. For the sake of novelty—the curse of all heresiarchs—Mr. Bunyard would have us place the Latin "Gustus" Taste, before his master "Gaster," the Belly, and asks us to speak of Gustonomy in place of Gastronomy. But that will never do. Good wine and good food may be admirable in themselves; they may delight the palate; but what really matters is the manner in which they are received and dealt with in the regions below. The clear eye, the discriminating palate, the alert brain are only clear, discriminating and alert so long as Master Gaster is happy and works well.

No, my dear Bunyard, gustonomy will not do. Come back to gastronomy and to us all—please, do!

The Real McCoy. By Frederick van de Water. Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.

KNOwn as "The King of Rum Row," the real McCoy seems to have been an idealistic rum-runner who, directly big business took a hand and squeezed out the sail and racing schooners, retired because the business element had killed the sporting. An adventurer of the sea, he entered the racket (that is the right word?) for cash, but he stayed in because of the fun and the excitement that he found in it. The real McCoy is out of it now—he has returned to the more peaceable employ of ship-building, but in the eyes of Mr. van de Water he is a hero. He may perhaps be a hero in the reader's eyes—providing the reader can stand Americanisms and can afford twelve and sixpence.

The Fountain of Inspiration

The Name and Nature of Poetry: The Leslie Stephen Lecture. By A. E. Housman. Cambridge University Press. 2s. net.

[REVIEWED BY ASHLEY SAMPSON]

IT is interesting to speculate on the various treatments the nature of poetry would receive from other minds than that of the lecturer, those, for instance, of the late or the present laureate, of Eliot, de la Mare, Hopkins or Sassoon. One could almost gather from their work what their theory would be; and it came to me as no surprise that Mr. Housman chose as exemplifiers of his theory, not the scholarly and sophisticated Pope and Dryden, but the tidy Jonson and the gentle Cowper. He opens the argument with a few sure strokes; and comes to terms with his subject by delivering himself in measured and reasonable words.

When one begins to discuss the nature of poetry, the first impediment in the way is the inherent vagueness of the name, and the number of its legitimate senses. It is not bad English to speak of "prose and poetry" in the sense of "prose and verse." But it is wasteful; it squanders a valuable word by stretching it to fit a meaning which is accurately expressed by a wider term. . . . The name of poetry is generally restricted to verse which can at least be called literature, though it may differ from prose only in its metrical form, and be superior to prose only in the superior comeliness of that form itself, and the superior terseness which usually goes along with it.

In fact Mr. Housman might even have tightened his argument further by revealing how the true poet "comes through" all his work, into whatever mould it may be cast, a truth which is beautifully exemplified throughout the whole of his lecture. When, however, he digs down in an endeavour to reach the true source of all poetic inspiration I could not help feeling that my confidence was shaken. His penetration of and achievement in the realm of poetry entitle him to "set a low value on the poetry of the eighteenth century" and to say that "the most poetical of all poets is Blake"—however much one may respectfully disagree; but the search for the mental source of poetic inspiration involves a knowledge of psychology quite apart from emotional experience, which Mr. Housman may or may not possess; but which, as a greatly honoured lecturer on poetry, he *need* not possess. At this point I think the lecture falls short of its high standard of argument.

Like "A.E.", in a similar excursion, Mr. Housman does not really plumb the depths of the human mind in this search for inspiration; but meets inspiration when it has already shaped itself in consciousness; and gives some striking and beautiful accounts of its manifestations. The theory that poetry is a sublimated manifestation of the sex instinct—(a by no means unreasonable argument when we remember that beauty, creation and desire all play their part in forming it)—he does not touch in this lecture. When he deals, however, with his own subject he proves himself not only a world-wide student but a master of argument. Who could beat this little piece of sophistry for sheer weightiness and deliciously startling originality?

When I hear anyone say, with defiant emphasis, that Pope was a poet, I suspect him of calling in ambiguity of language to promote confusion of thought. That Pope was a poet is true; but it is one of those truths which are beloved of liars, because they serve so well the cause of falsehood. That Pope was not a poet is false; but a righteous man standing in awe of the last judgment and the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, might well prefer to say it.

For I think that all must admit that there are some poets who must come under this ban, even if Pope is not one of them; and there is a large amount of truth in Mr. Housman's contention that the eighteenth century in England was one of great translations, satires and controversies rather than of great original literature. In poetry this was true enough; but what about prose? There were Lamb, Swift, Sterne and the great novelists. However, it is of poetry that Mr. Housman treats; and here his bias may be justified. An age which quite rightly ranks Shenstone among its stars must have given back a cold light to the Caroline firmament which preceded it.

Some Recent Plays

PLAYS are mostly published—a growing and welcome habit—with an eye on amateur acting rights, and the modern, well-printed and agreeable volume, equal in appearance to any novel, is infinitely more attractive even for use in the theatre than the repulsive little paper editions of thirty years ago. For the reader no comparison is possible. Two excellent volumes issued by Messrs. Rich & Cowan (5s. each) are entitled respectively "Five Three-Act Plays" and "Eight One-Act Plays," the former introduced by an apposite foreword from Mr. W. G. Fay, a member of the original Abbey Theatre company and now well-known as a producer. Some of the plays have been acted, others not—two of the weakest are a long and a short one by the late Arnold Bennett—but both volumes as a whole are thoroughly worth attention from amateur dramatic societies and lovers of drama as literature.

"Springtime for Henry," by Benn W. Levy, is among Mr. Martin Secker's publications. We are not admirers of this play for any purpose, but it makes an elegant volume, if dear at 5s. To a different class belong "Essex Plays" (Benham & Co., Colchester. 2s. 6d.), containing "The Diddicoy," by Hugh Cranmer Byng and "The Furriner," by S. L. Bensusan. Their object is to provide dramatic material less than a vehicle for the presentation of the Essex dialect, which has a peculiar zest, but, this apart, the playwriting is done with real skill, particularly by Mr. Bensusan.

Again of other calibre is "Nurse Cavell," by C. E. Bechhofer Roberts and C. S. Forester (John Lane, 3s. 6d.), a powerful and arresting historical play, dealing with Edith Cavell's career from the beginning of the war to the moment when she goes to death. The sobriety of the authors' treatment enhances the effect of their tremendous subject. Their dialogue is admirable; not less so the psychology with which the minor characters are touched in. Nothing is forced, everything is simply presented, and the drama of the facts is

left to affect us by its own unrolling. The result is inspiring. This is a play that should be seen on the stage and, properly handled, should be deeply moving.

Portrait of An Actress

The Private Life of Mrs. Siddons. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY W.H.B.]

I am grateful to Miss Naomi Royde-Smith
For the pleasure she has given to me with
Her account of this great woman,
Whom she shews me to be human,
And not merely just a legendary myth.

In this excellently written *Private Life*,
One can see despite the rumours that were rife
That this darling of the stage
In a none too moral age
Was devoted as a mother and a wife.

With the magic of her acting it appears
Mrs. Siddons could reduce the Town to tears,
Tear-drops fell in Drury Lane
Like a sudden shower of rain,
A phenomenon we haven't seen for years.

In her book the author carefully assembles
Many interesting facts about the Kembles,
And one feels a mild abhorrence
When the gay Sir Thomas Lawrence
Flirts with Fanny who her aged aunt resembles.

There are liberal quotations from the plays
Which were running in these old romantic days,
But no wonder they're forgotten,
For the plots were simply rotten,
And the texts were pretty crude in many ways.

As biography this book is hard to beat,
It is kindly, understanding and discreet,
Free from amateurish tricks
You will not for twelve and six
Get a portrait better framed or so complete.

Great Lives

Sheridan. By W. A. Darlington. *Edward VII.*
By H. E. Wortham. *Great Lives.* Duck-
worth. 2s. each.

THIS excellent little series of biographies maintains admirably its original standard. Mr. Darlington, with a fine economy of words, draws a vivid picture of Sheridan the man, and makes the most of the picturesque figure. It is not every biographer who has the advantage of writing about a man whose habit and delight it was to be unexpected and take the world by surprise. Mr. Wortham tells the story of King Edward with great judgment and understanding. He points out that though he came to the throne at the age of sixty and for at least the last three years of his life his health was failing, Edward VII made a place for himself in Europe such as no English sovereign had occupied since Henry II. He was "the uncle of Europe," a man who summed up in himself the characteristics of his age and, as millions of Europeans firmly believed, was the arbiter of their fate.

FILMS

By MARK FORREST

Gabriel over the White House. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Empire

COLONEL TWEED, who was, I believe, personal secretary to Mr. Lloyd George during the war, wrote a book called "Rinehard," the film version of which, entitled "Gabriel over the White House," is on view for the general public at the Empire, and was shown to members of the Economic Conference at the Phoenix last Tuesday. I have not read the book, but the picture is all about an American President who, when he is threatening to be a bag of wind like recent Presidents, has a motor car accident which so alters his outlook that he proceeds to solve his own nation's domestic problems, and one or two of the world's, with an abandon which would be exhilarating, if it were not ridiculous.

Unemployment and the gangsters are the two menaces at home; the wider problems of the earth are pretty well boiled down to the tangle of disarmament. This last little matter is speedily settled when it is discovered that America and Great Britain are willing to stand together, and to clout any one else who doesn't fall into line. Gabriel, however, sends no message about tariffs, chaotic exchanges or war debts, and when the President dies, these matters are still of no moment.

The theme may have originated from the late President Wilson's pilgrimage into Europe and its appalling results. At any rate the President here makes quite certain that Congress is effectively muzzled before he tries to deal with anything, but those who claim to see President Roosevelt as the counterpart of the Honourable Judson Hammond in the picture might remember that Congress is still sitting.

Technically the picture is excellently mounted and, since for once sex is nearly non-existent, though there is a love story between the President's two secretaries to create what is called "the woman's angle," it seems a pity to have to deride it. At the same time the prospect of the world's premiers gathered together on an American battleship, while the President solemnly sinks a couple of obsolete ships by aircraft to lend enchantment to the scene, is too farcical to be forceful. Monsieur Deladier, especially, should have enjoyed himself on Tuesday night, and the total lack of any mention of any European problem at all should give him great confidence in trying to find his way out of the mess of pottage, which the supine statesmanship of the two English speaking nations bequeathed to him (at the end of the war).

However, America loves hokum and there are plenty of people over here, not all of them in the penny novelette class, who will, doubtless, recognise their own voices—even if the accents are not so difficult—but the discerning are liable to draw a totally different moral from the one intended.

Walter Huston's performance as the President

is on its usual high level and, though he looks like a sheriff from the Middle West, his voice has authority.

Books Received

(These notices do not necessarily preclude longer reviews)

Belgium. By Clive Holland. Jenkins. 5s.

It would take many visits to Belgium before the reader could explore to the extent which Mr. Holland advises. This would seem to be the book to take if a visit to Belgium is intended, and its pocket size is greatly in its favour.

See for Yourself. By Edmund Vale. Dent. 5s.

Mr. Vale calls this a "field-book for sightseers." It is a very modest description of a most attractive introduction to the intelligent study of England. All who are taking the advice to "see England first" this summer should read Mr. Vale's book before starting or slip it into the rucksack for a wet day.

Local Government Face to Face. By A. C. Stewart. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 1s.

We Englishmen are apt to take good government in domestic affairs for granted, and to pay our rates with only a perfunctory grumble. Mr. Stewart explains in a few lucid pages how much we owe to those who work hard in our interest, and get in return neither kicks nor ha'pence.

Externals and Essentials. By Sir John Adamson. Longmans. 4s. 6d.

Sir John Adamson's long and wide experience in the field of education has led him to the conclusion that the business of the teacher is to develop the individual and not to mould him. In these few essays is much concentrated wisdom.

The Art of Behaviour. By Frederick Winsor. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

Mr. Winsor attempts to persuade his readers that the moral law is not a burden imposed on the present by the past, and that if present-day civilisation had to draw up a new set of moral laws they would, necessarily, be substantially the same as the ones in force to-day.

Life and Money. By Eimar O'Duffy. Putnam. 6s.

Another contribution to unorthodox economics; but is any economic theory orthodox in these days? Mr. O'Duffy is a supporter of Major Douglas and his theory of social credit.

Problems of the Nations. By R. B. Mowat. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

A very readable protest against despair, or defeatism, in the face of depression. Professor Mowat writes simply and plainly, avoiding the jargon of the economists, and his book may be warmly commended as an introduction to recurrent crises.

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. We therefore hold it a privilege to reprint week by week extracts from this illuminating history. This instalment continues the story of the "Daily Herald" and Russia.

Meanwhile, again unknown to the ingenuous directors of the paper, another mysterious transaction had taken place. This was the sale in London of some Russian diamonds, obviously stolen, which had found their way into this country. The incident had not escaped the watchful eye of Scotland Yard; investigations were set on foot, the bank-notes amounting to £8,000 paid for the jewels were traced to their recipients, two of whom were no other than George Lansbury's son Edgar, and Francis Meynell. At the same time three cheques of £1,500 each payable to the *Daily Herald* were traced to Frederick Strom, the representative of the Bolshevik Government in Stockholm.

But again Mr. George Lansbury and the other directors of the *Daily Herald* had remained in sublime ignorance of the transaction.

The question now arose: Who had brought the diamonds over to England? And who had negotiated the Chinese bonds referred to in the Chicherin-Litvinoff correspondence?

The answer to the first question was eventually supplied by Francis Meynell himself, who boasted to an *Evening News* reporter how he had sent some of the stones to England packed inside chocolate creams, and had brought over others in his mouth. He had talked to Secret Service men on the journey with "the diamonds rattling against his teeth." Inquiries failed to elicit from him what had become of the jewels or of the £75,000 that had remained in his possession. All he would say was that "they had gone back to the movement"—possibly to finance *The Communist*, a paper which he was then editing. An interesting development was the bankruptcy of this enterprising young man a year later, when he was found to be living at the rate of £1,000 a year whilst only earning £700—a striking example of communist asceticism.

The Labour Party having extricated themselves with some difficulty from the awkward situation in which they had been placed, it now remained for the Russian Trade Delegation to explain the part they had played in the affair. On arrival in this country every member of the Delegation had signed an undertaking not to engage in propaganda; the subsidising of the *Daily Herald* by the Bolshevik Government was a direct violation of this agreement. But the envoys of Moscow proved as resourceful as their allies in this country. Krassin and Kameneff called personally on Mr. Lloyd George to assure him that the offer of £75,000 had been made entirely without their knowledge either, and must have been conveyed through Copenhagen and Moscow without reference to the Mission. Kameneff spent three hours trying to make Mr.

Lloyd George believe this story. To quote Mr. Lloyd George's own account of the interview:

I sent for Kameneff and said: "This is not playing the game—you are here as an emissary from the Government, and for an official emissary of the Government to abuse his position by propagating revolution, discontent, disaffection in the country where he is received is an abuse of hospitality."

Then Kameneff said to me: "It really is not true. I know nothing about it."

But I had in front of me at the moment the identical telegram that he had sent to Moscow stating: "I have disposed of jewels and giving £75,000 to the *Daily Herald*."

¹ Speech of Mr. Lloyd George at Camberwell on October 28, 1924.

Proof was, moreover, forthcoming that Chinese bonds had been presented at a London bank for payment by a member of the Russian Trade Delegation.

No further evidence was therefore necessary, and Kameneff was ordered to leave the country. Ac-

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cordingly on September 11 Kamenef, protesting his innocence, sailed for Christiania, where he met with an effusive welcome from Litvinoff.

Kamenef had perhaps some reason to feel aggrieved. He alone had been made the scapegoat for an affair in which both the British Labour Party and the Russian Trade Delegation were deeply implicated. The evidence in the hands of Scotland Yard was sufficient to hang them both; in other words, to suppress the *Daily Herald*, and to send the Trade Delegation packing without more ado. But, to the despair of Sir Basil Thomson, Mr. Lloyd George refused to put the law into action. The Russian Trade Delegation was allowed to remain, and Ministers continued to confer with Krassin as before. The directors of the *Daily Herald*, convicted of dealings with our avowed enemies, were allowed to go scot-free. As usual, it was only the minor instruments who were brought to book. Sylvia Pankhurst, who had been turned down by Lenin, was finally arrested for her attempts to spread sedition in co-operation with foreign revolutionaries, and sentenced in October, 1920, to six months' imprisonment. Her accomplice, Colonel L'Estrange Malone, the only member of the Communist Party Executive to be arrested, was condemned in November to the same fate.

The evidence brought forward at both these trials threw a flood of light on the intrigues that were being carried on between the Communists in Great Britain, the Russian Bolsheviks and the Jewish-American gang in the United States; also on the connection between the last-named and the troubles in Ireland.

In the spring of the following year the British Government received a further warning with regard to Bolshevik intrigues at home and abroad. This information was published in a series of articles by *The Times* of February 1 to 4, 1921, under the heading "Moscow Agents at Work," describing in detail the campaign that was being carried on in Great Britain, on the Continent and in the East. In the first of these, headed with the caption in large letters "Krassin Exposed," an account was given of a Bolshevik Conference which took place on February 26 in the neighbourhood of Bremen. An *exposé* was given by Julius Fachers, one of the agents for England, in which he stated:

Our expenses in the organisation of centres of agitation in the last half-year amounted to £23,750 sterling per month, not including the extraordinary outlays of the (Kamenef and Krassin) Trade Delegation in London. The necessity for doubling the outlays has been reported by one of the Executive Committee through Krassin, and several times direct. . . . At the present moment there are in the whole of England 79 Communist district organisations, distributed over 26 areas of agitation, etc. . . . new monetary support is needed.

It was in the face of these and other warnings that the trade agreement between Great Britain and Russia was finally signed by Sir Robert Horne and Krassin on March 16, 1921.

To complete the farce, a note was handed at the same time to Krassin, containing the most damning allegations on Bolshevik intrigues in the

East, particularly in Afghanistan, and demanding that they should cease. What sort of understanding could be built upon this foundation it is impossible to imagine.

The Bolsheviks, too anxious about securing the signature of Great Britain to the Treaty to care about the sentiments that inspired the British Government, were ready to agree to anything—on paper. Chicherin, in his reply on April 20, declared that "the Soviet Government regarded the signature of the agreement as a turning-point in its relations with Great Britain," and that "propaganda against British interests, particularly in Afghanistan, would be carefully avoided." We shall see in a later chapter how faithfully this pledge was kept.

The question of Russian debts was dealt with in the vaguest manner:

The Russian Government declares that it recognises in principle that it is liable to pay compensation to private persons who have supplied goods or services to Russia for which they have not been paid.

A remarkably elastic form of I.O.U.

It was thus in spite of the distrust for Soviet promises expressed by the Foreign Office, War Office, Chambers of Commerce, Federation of British Industries, and the protests uttered by Members of Parliament, the Conservative Press, British business men and patriotic individuals all over the country, that Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues made this first compact with the bitterest enemies of the British Empire. Questioned in the House of Commons by Sir Clement Kinloch Cooke as to whether the Trade Agreement implied recognition of the Soviet Government, Mr. Lloyd George made no reply. That his silence implied the hope for this further development may be inferred from his subsequent support of the Labour Party in the matter of the diplomatic recognition of Russia, but this was more than the country could be expected to stand at the moment.

What was the explanation of the Government's action at this crisis? What hidden power was at work within its councils? This question was asked by Mr. Harold Williams, whose profound knowledge of Russia and well-known integrity entitled him to speak with authority on the situation. In an eloquent letter to *The Times* of March 17, Mr. Williams spoke of "the cynicism of our present rulers," of "their actions based on the narrowest and most ephemeral expediency." And he ended with the significant words:

Possibly there are occult influences and obscure compacts at whose nature detached observers cannot pretend to guess.

The results were as disastrous as might have been expected. The signing of the agreement was the signal for the Soviet Trade Delegation to spread itself; the two floors in Bond Street were now supplemented by a large five-storied building, 49, Moorgate Street, to be known as "Soviet House," later as "Arcos," then a building and a half in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a suite of offices in Southampton Row. By the end of the year nearly 300 employees at high salaries were at work in Soviet House alone.

SERIAL

The effects of this new concession to the Bolsheviks were immediate. Just as the formation of the Council of Action had taken place six days after the arrival of Krassin and Kameneff from Russia in the preceding August, a fresh attempt at revolution followed immediately on the signing of the Trade Agreement with Russia.

The date appointed for de-controlling the coal mines had arrived, and the Triple Alliance again threatened a general strike if the subsidy was discontinued. On March 31, 1921, the miners came out on strike, and the railwaymen and transport workers were urged to follow suit. By April 9 the situation had become acute, alarm spread through the country, the reserves were called up and a defence force created. The revolutionaries believed that the "Great Day" had come at last. But at the eleventh hour, on Friday, April 15, the railwaymen and transport workers refused to come out, and the general strike was called off. This momentous date was known afterwards in the annals of the "Labour" movement as "Black Friday," because it had failed to plunge the country into chaos.

Throughout this crisis Mr. Lloyd George played a heroic part. On April 8 he made a stirring speech on the "grave peril" threatening the country. "The nation," he declared, "is for the first time in its history confronted by an attempt to coerce it into capitulation by the destruction of its resources. . . . We are fighting for the life of the community, and we will use every resource the community has at its disposal."

On March 23 he had delivered an eloquent address on the "Great Peril" at a luncheon in the House of Commons:

What is that peril? I know there are people who say there is none. It is the phenomenal rise to power of a new party with new purposes of the most subversive character. It calls itself Labour, but it is really Socialist. (Hear, hear.) And even now the real danger is not fully realised. We cannot believe in this new danger. Well, it was just the same with the German danger. Many of us, and I plead guilty myself, were very loath to believe in its existence . . . its real power, its real menace, were not thoroughly understood.

That is full of significance when we consider the new danger. There are those who call it a "bogey." They say it is some "bogey" which you simply put up and paint just to frighten people. I think Mr. Asquith said so at Blackburn the other night . . . I see Lord Henry Bentinck also described it as a "bogey" in a speech he delivered on Sunday. He thinks this terrible machine which is tearing parties to pieces on its way to tearing society to pieces is merely a bogey. . . .

Socialism is fighting . . . to destroy everything that the great prophets and leaders of both parties laboured for generations to build up. [So apparently the old world was worth "shoring up," after all!—*Author's note.*] . . . The new party wants to uproot and to tear up and to plant the wild and poisonous berries of Karl Marxism in this country.

This was magnificent, but why have made a treaty just a week earlier with the purveyors of these berries, enabling them to dispense their poisonous wares without hindrance to the unfortunate inhabitants of this country? Thus, whilst at one moment denouncing Bolshevism with all the eloquence at his command, at the next Mr. Lloyd

George constituted himself the defender of the Bolsheviks. Questioned in Parliament—only a fortnight after this address—with regard to the revelations on Bolshevik intrigues in the East that had recently appeared in *The Times*, Mr. Lloyd George replied that he had received from Krassin a categorical denial of the authenticity of the statements in question and the assurance that the document quoted was a forgery. Pressed as to whether he had made inquiries from the newspaper in which they were published, he answered:

We have a good deal of work already. If the Government were to investigate every statement which appeared in the newspapers there would be no end of the bureaucracy that would be set up.¹

So on the word of the Bolsheviks themselves, revelations of immense importance to the British Empire were to be dismissed as fabrications and no investigations were to be made at the source from which they emanated.

Yet six months later it appeared that they rested on a very solid foundation of truth, for on September 7 a further note was addressed by Lord Curzon to the Soviet Government, embodying precisely the same accusations that had been brought forward in *The Times* articles of February. The note complained of continued Soviet propaganda, aimed at undermining the British Empire and of Soviet intrigues in India, Persia, Turkestan, Angora and Afghanistan. Forestalling the usual excuse that the Soviet Government was not re-

¹ Debate of April 11, 1921.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

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SERIAL

sponsible for the actions of the Third International, the note insisted on the absolute identity between the two, pointing out that the same people were at the head of both.

As a corollary to the exhaustive indictment that followed, leading up to the inevitable conclusion that the Krassin pact had been broken, one might expect to find a brief intimation that relations between the two countries must be considered at an end. Not at all. His Majesty's Government merely "asks for a definite assurance that the Soviet Government will cause these activities, which constitute breaches of the trade agreement, to cease."

One can imagine the hilarity with which this missive was received in Moscow, and the complacency with which Litvinoff, Deputy People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs, on September 27, replied to the British Government, as Krassin had done six months earlier, that all the documents on which these accusations had been made were based on false information and on forgeries, and repeating that the Soviet Government could not be identified with the Third International. A non-committal reply from the British Government ended the matter, and Chicherin was able to boast openly in the Press of the success that had attended Soviet propaganda in the East. "The Persian people have repudiated the Anglo-Persian agreement . . . the Russian-Persian agreement has been signed. The policy of the Soviet Government has also met with very favourable response in Afghanistan, and consequently the Afghans have repudiated the Anglo-Afghan Treaty, and the British Delegation was compelled to leave Afghanistan and return to London."

What is the explanation of the extraordinary subservience displayed by the British Government at this crisis? What was the power that compelled Ministers of the Crown, the legislators of a mighty Empire, to swallow insults, to ignore threats, to disregard warnings and pursue in the face of all opposition their policy of friendship with a relentless foe? Any commercial advantages accruing from the Trade Agreement were proved to be negligible by the figures published in the *Financial Times* of October 27, 1921. It is evident, therefore, that a deeper purpose lay behind the scheme which, viewed from the surface, only appears as sheer insanity. Some light may be thrown on the mystery by events that took place at the end of that year.

As early as August a group of British business men had evolved a scheme for resuscitating Russia with German aid, and Mr. Leslie Urquhart, founder of the Russian Asiatic Consolidated Company, visited Berlin and Moscow with a view to Anglo-German co-operation in exploiting the Siberian mines. At the same time a large armament firm in this country was said to have come to an agreement with the Deutsche Bank, Krupps and Thyssen. Mr. Urquhart returned disillusioned and afterwards disassociated himself from plans for trading with Russia, but the scheme con-

tinued to receive support in other business circles in this country.

Now it will be remembered that Krassin in his earlier days had been the representative in Russia of the A.E.G. (Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft) of which Rathenau was the president and Felix Deutsch the manager, and that this company was intimately connected with the Deutsche Bank, which had an influential backing in the City of London. It is therefore not without significance to find that in the autumn of 1921, Stinnes, also a friend of Krassin's, and Felix Deutsch had also arrived at the conviction that the only way to the financial and economic peace of Europe lay in the creation of a great international syndicate to take in hand the reconstruction of Russia. The question of Germany's indemnity had now just reached a crisis; according to all appearances the Allies, at the forthcoming London Conference, would insist on the payment of reparations due in January. What, then, could be more opportune than an alliance with Great Britain, to exploit Russia to the advantage of both? At the end of November it was announced in the *Vossische Zeitung* that Stinnes, who had just paid a visit to England, had gone there on the invitation of Mr. Lloyd George, and had spent a week-end at Chequers. At the same time Rathenau and Simon arrived in London. The meeting between Mr. Lloyd George and Stinnes was officially denied in Downing Street; nevertheless, the conviction persisted in Germany that the visit of both Rathenau and Stinnes to England "was for the purpose of arranging with the British Government a project for the combined exploitation of Russia by Great Britain and Germany."

The *Morning Post*, from which these words are quoted, expressed the belief that "the Prime Minister is contemplating an Anglo-Russo-German combination which . . . he will urge as the only method of restoring Europe."

Through whom could such a project be carried out more effectually than through Krassin? Just at this moment Krassin went to Germany, where "he visited Krupps and other large factories, and conferred at length with Rathenau . . . It is probable that he conferred at equal length with Stinnes himself."¹ The authors of the Russian Revolution, as the *Morning Post* pointed out in the previous year, had not set out "to create a prosperous Russia, but to destroy Russia; they have succeeded—and it remains for the international capitalist, who is the paymaster, to exploit Russia. . . . It is well known that there are certain syndicates in this country, mainly Jewish, that have all along been willing to trade with Russia."² M. Chéradame, who had studied the whole question at first hand during his visits to Eastern Europe, expresses the same opinion.

[Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27, June 3 and 10.]

¹ *Morning Post*, November 15, 1921.

² Date of December 16, 1921. ³ *Evening News*, Jan. 11, 1922. ⁴ *Morning Post*, March 19, 1921.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Hearing or Visualisation"

SIR,—The author of this article has, I gather, been analysing his (or her?) inability to appreciate contemporary music, and has come to the remarkable conclusion that modern composers are only anxious to make of their compositions a pretty pattern for the printed page and are not in the least concerned as to the sounds such a pattern may produce.

I would not waste your space by drawing attention to such an obviously trivial argument were it not for the fact that the article is written from a point of view which is current to-day among certain people who attempt to derive pleasure from modern art.

If a particular composition, whether music, poetry or painting, does not appeal to them personally they feel unsatisfied and annoyed, and, failing to grasp the emotion conveyed by the artist, they attack him from their own personal point of view on purely superficial grounds. Like the author of this article, they do not realise that true artists do not create to please their audience, but to express themselves in their own way, nor do they understand that true sincerity is more often found in the great artist than perhaps in any other character.

Modern artists, these people should realise, seek expression in intellectual imagery rather than in sensuous appeal, and it is by intellectual standards that their work should be judged.

36, Onslow Square, S.W.7.

FRANCIS CAREW.

Disarmament— and Idealism

SIR,—The article of Lt.-Col. D. C. Spencer Smith suggests that all nations destroy all explosives, except such as are needful for mining and sport (so-called, I add). But if *hate and fear*, with bayonets, be left, there can still be a ghastly war.

Men used to fight with spears once. I can remember the English in Egypt with bayonets charging natives, who had spears! No! What is needed is:

- (a) A world-unity of States, to organise work and food, houses and clothing for all peoples; i.e., to share true wealth.
- (b) A new world-religion, including the truths in all, but teaching also science and sympathy, by men feeling the One Infinite Life, now emerging in men of aspiration, all over this world.

Manchester.

GILBERT T. SADLER, M.A., LL.B.

The Corrector Corrected

SIR,—In your issue of the 3rd inst. Mr. Robert Machray, in the course of a criticism of my book "Germany under the Treaty," complains that I say so much about annexations. Had he read the book, he would have seen that it is expressly stated at the outset that the discussion of the annexations is its sole purpose. His further statement that the maps were drawn by me is wholly untrue. He makes, however, what he calls a "special point" of the fact that in a chapter motto I have incorrectly attributed to President Masaryk certain words relating to the Polish Corridor which appeared in his article in the *Saturday Review* of November 1, 1930. I admit and regret this pure inadvertence, and can only plead in extenuation that I quoted from a publication whose accuracy I had no reason whatever to doubt.

Like Mr. Machray, however, I too have now been able to refer to the Masaryk article, and it is due to your readers and to myself that the result should be stated. My critic writes of the article: "All that he (the President) remarked about the Corridor was: 'I hear from many Germans that they will never accept the present settlement, involving the cutting off of East Prussia from the main body of the Reich.'" It is hard to believe, yet true, that Mr. Machray has here deliberately omitted one important and essential sentence. This immediately precedes the words just cited, and runs: "There are two principal danger points threatening the peace of Europe to-day. One is the Polish Corridor and the other is Hungary." I leave your readers to judge whether such a suppression of an inconvenient sentiment, even for the purpose of establishing "a special

point," is fair controversy. As to the significance of the omitted passage, while it still does not justify the identification of President Masaryk with the opinion of his "many German friends," it certainly makes clear his disapproval of the Corridor arrangement.

Headington, Oxford.

W. H. DAWSON.

[The correction respecting the drawing of the maps is, of course, accepted; they do not appear, however, to be drawn by a professional hand. That President Masaryk recognised the "Corridor" as a "danger point" was perfectly clear from the actual quotation from the *Saturday* which I gave. That the "Corridor" is a danger point is universally admitted. Why is it so? Because of the German demand for its re-annexation. The President underlined that fact, but that is quite a different thing from saying, as Mr. Dawson does, that in stating the fact he was "making clear his disapproval of the Corridor arrangement!" ROBERT MACHRAY.]

The Case for Irwinism

SIR,—Morally there can be no criticism of the following aspects of the Indian problem as appearing to a convinced Irwinite.

1.—Christianity has failed in India over two centuries: it numbers 2 per cent. of the people. India's culture requires the native anti-Christian faiths. Free from our influence, Gandhi can develop them.

2.—Internationally, England has no right to oppose America's claim to the Indian market in place of ourselves. She can produce more cheaply in her "black" South. Equally so Japan. Again, India's cheap labour will undercut white products, when free of us, in neutral markets. This lowers wage-costs as Conservatives want here.

3.—Japan is clearly the coming world force throughout the Orient: better than ourselves, she needs India.

Whitehall Court, S.W.1.

Ex-I.C.S., 1933.

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CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

THE half-yearly visitation of the War Debt bogey coincided on this occasion with the opening of the World Economic Conference, and it is the strong belief in financial circles in London that the final settlement of this problem is an essential preliminary to the solution of the other difficulties which the Conference is called upon to face. That London's opinion is shared by New York is obvious from the fact that Wall Street brightens visibly at the least sign of America's acquiring some understanding of the position of the debtor nations. Meanwhile, the weakness of the American dollar, which seems to be struggling hard to descend to parity with sterling, has caused some uncertainty. It is felt on this side that the £ sterling is definitely over-valued in terms of the dollar when America's trade position and her holding of gold are taken into account, and the rumours of stabilisation of the sterling-dollar rate at somewhere near the present level seem to emanate mostly from New York and are hardly taken seriously in the London Exchange market.

German Bonds

The general moratorium declared by Germany on all foreign debt payments was not unexpected in London, but the Foreign Bond section of the Stock Exchange had harboured some hopes that the 7 per cent. loan of 1924, issued under the Dawes Plan, and the 5½ per cent. loan of 1930, floated under the Young Plan, would be excluded from the moratorium, in view of the fact that they were issued under the auspices of the Bank of England and that a default upon their service would, therefore, be avoided at all costs. However, after some fluctuations, these two loans have improved in price on the belief that some arrangement will be made for a partial payment, at all events, before the next interest coupon falls due. Certainly the bond holders are entitled to expect that every effort will be made on their behalf, and an influential committee, consisting of investment trust and insurance representatives acting in conjunction with the Council of Foreign Bondholders, has been formed to represent the interests of British long-term creditors of Germany.

Ford Motor Loss

The English Ford Motor Company, which has incurred heavy expenditure in connection with the establishment of the huge Dagenham works, experienced a disastrous year in 1932, making an actual trading loss of £160,250. After provision for depreciation and fees the loss amounts to £477,473, which is increased to £681,829 by the provision of £106,828 for reserve against loss on exchange and £127,527 for losses on trading operation outside the British Isles and of certain foreign subsidiaries. The sum of £371,871 is brought in from the previous year and, after making income tax provision, this is converted into a debit balance to be carried forward to the

current year's accounts of £354,046. The balance sheet shows a weakening of the cash position, the total being £39,987 in hand and £131,542 on deposit with a subsidiary, as compared with a holding of £1,055,000, at the end of 1931. Some preparation for these results was provided a year ago when the net profit dropped from £978,000 to £83,000, but the shares dropped to 19s. 3d. on the figures. It is some consolation to the British market that the shares are believed to be mostly held in America, United States purchasers having bought them in at huge premiums shortly after their issue here.

Beecham's Pills Profits

A further increase in profits is reported by the Beecham's Pills Company at £248,031 for the past year compared with £241,698 in the previous year, and the dividend on the deferred shares is increased from 15 per cent. to 17½ per cent., the participating preferred shares receiving once again the maximum 10 per cent., while the amount carried forward is £13,600 higher at £66,661. The company's subsidiaries have done well, and during the year companies were formed to operate in the United States and Canada, the British company owning the whole of their share capitals. It is stated that both companies made profits during the year but have declared no dividends in respect of these profits.

Telephone Rentals

Telephone Rentals, Ltd., which is a holding company deriving its revenue from a number of subsidiary companies operating the New System Private Telephones, etc., had a net balance available for the past year of £45,370, compared with £42,166 a year previously, and the dividend is increased from 6½ per cent. to 7 per cent. for the year. At the annual meeting last Tuesday the Chairman, Mr. F. T. Jackson, mentioned that the rental revenue had been increased by 4 per cent. on the 1931 figure and their extensive sales development campaign had resulted in their securing an increasing number of new contracts. Mr. Jackson was also optimistic as regards the trade outlook, stating that the subsidiary companies which had been making the greatest headway were those situated in areas regarded as the most depressed in this country from the industrial point of view.

Scribbans' Developments

The directors of Scribbans' Ltd., the Birmingham cake and biscuit manufacturers, report some reduction in profits for the past year, as has been the experience of most firms concerned in the manufacture of foodstuffs. The profits for 1932-33 were £222,599, compared with £237,067 in the previous year, and, as it has been decided to extend the Birmingham and Free State factories by provision from revenue, the ordinary dividend is reduced from 7 per cent. to 5½ per cent., the deferred shares receiving 15-12ths per cent. against 19-5-6ths per cent. in the previous year. Reserves are strengthened by allocations of £30,000.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 39

A FOUL CONSPIRACY WHICH CAME TO NOUGHT.
THE "MIGHTIE PRINCE" WHOSE SUBJECTS' LIVES WERE SOUGHT.

("THE MODERN SOLOMON" BY SOME FOLK STYLED;
AS "LEARNED FOOL" BY FRENCH SULLY REVILED.)

1. Two-thirds of simple fish as spelt in France.
2. Four-sevenths of a lively Polish dance.
3. The perils of the night this must enhance.
4. Best product, Tom thinks, of his mother's oven.
5. Thus goes the lazy, impecunious sloven.
6. He's swimming in the pond by yonder mill.
7. To send away, to settle, or to kill.
8. All liquids do it: anything that's wet.
9. Our friendly overtures—with this they met.
10. Mustard and vinegar here play their part.
11. In him we hail a votary of art.
12. Such is the harmless grass-snake, not the viper.
13. Love swells the linnet's—joyous little piper.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 38

O	s	i	r	i	S
D	e	r	r	i	g
E	x	c	a	v	a
S	t	a	r	-	g
O	x	a	l	i	S
F	i	g	a	r	O
P	e	c	k	s	n
I	n	c	u	B	u
N				U	b
D	o	c	t	o	R
A	l	b	u	m	e
R	e	c	k	l	e
				S	

¹ Wood-sorrel; it contains oxalic acid. ² See *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. ³ See *Martin Chuzzlewit*. ⁴ The white of eggs.

The winner of Acrostic No. 37 was Mr. Richard Wilson, to whom a book will be sent.

COMPANY MEETING

CALLENDER'S CABLE AND CONSTRUCTION CO.

15 PER CENT. FOR THE 14th YEAR

The 37th ordinary general meeting of Callender's Cable and Construction Co., Ltd., was held on June 15 at the Waldorf Hotel, London, W.C.

Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bt., D.L., M.Inst.C.E. (the chairman) said that they were met together to consider their business at a time of unprecedented uncertainty and confusion in the trade and finance of the whole world. The orders received during the year had been rather in the nature of what had been described as "bread and butter business." Few large contracts had been secured, although they had received a short time ago an important order for distributor cables for London, and considerable other work continued. In their Overhead Department they had been exceptionally busy, and perhaps the most spectacular of their work had been carrying the 132,000 volt line across the Thames at Dagenham. In the south west of England they had been completing a contract with the Central Electricity Board for extending the grid and had carried through an accelerated programme in order to complete the various contracts speedily.

The profit and loss account showed a balance of £460,832 and they proposed to pay a dividend of 10 per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year, for the fourteenth time in succession. As to the future, on the whole he was optimistic. Since the beginning of the year the order sheet had improved, although prices, owing to severe competition, were suffering. Nevertheless, the outlook was bright.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

In the course of his address at the fourth annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Ltd., held on Monday last at Southern House, Cannon-street, London, E.C., the chairman, Mr. FRED. T. JACKSON said that as the income of the company was principally derived from dividends declared by its subsidiary companies, he would first of all deal with the progress made by those subsidiary companies during the past year.

The total depreciation and other reserves in the accounts of the British and Australian subsidiaries amounted to over £394,000. The Australian reserve was £85,400 and was included in the total at the par rate of exchange.

During the year the rental revenue had been increased by 4 per cent. on the 1931 rentals, which was the same percentage increase as that made last year, but, as expressed in terms of percentages, it was on a larger total revenue than the previous year, and could therefore be regarded as a very satisfactory increase.

During 1933 up to date the sales development campaign had proved of very great value, as the results—measured in terms of new contracts—for February, March, April and May are 41.2 per cent. in excess of the corresponding months last year.

This was, he thought, not only encouraging as far as their own business was concerned, but indicative of what might be termed a general return of greater confidence in the future in its relation to general trading conditions, altogether outside their own business. He was strongly of the opinion, and indeed had so expressed himself on previous occasions, that their business was of such a nature that it could almost be regarded as a barometer in its relation to general trade, for they were in touch with every trade carried on within the bounds of this country. It was of particular interest to note that those subsidiary companies which had been making the greatest headway were those situated in areas which had come to be regarded as the most depressed in this country from the industrial point of view.

General reserve had been increased to £60,000 by the transfer of a further £10,000 from profit and loss, in accordance with the directors' report. Doubtless the shareholders would agree with him in regarding the comparatively quick growth of the general reserve account to a figure equal to 10 per cent. of the issued capital of the company in the short space of four years as a very satisfactory achievement, especially having regard to the state of trade generally during this period.

The amount at the credit of profit and loss was, he thought, quite clear. A balance had been brought forward from last year of £12,916, to which had to be added £58,147, less income tax £15,693, which gave a total credit balance to be dealt with of £55,370. £10,000 had already been transferred to general reserve as mentioned, and an interim dividend had been paid, which absorbed £11,250, giving an available balance of £34,120 with which to deal at the meeting. The directors proposed that a final dividend of 4½ per cent. should be paid, making the total dividend for the year 7 per cent. This would absorb £20,250, leaving £13,870 to be carried forward, which was slightly more than the carry-forward from the previous year.

Mr. Jackson concluded by saying he considered there was every reason to feel satisfied with the course of events as far as the business was concerned during the past year, and he would like to take the opportunity of paying tribute to the managers and staffs of the subsidiaries spread up and down the country and abroad for their share in contributing to the prosperity of the company, which he could assure the shareholders had called for very strenuous effort from all.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Next Week's Broadcasting

THE warm weather invariably brings with it a crop of grumblers about the hours of broadcasting. A fine specimen of this weed has recently popped up its head. "Why," runs the complaint, "are we compelled to listen during the afternoons to the transmissions to Schools, since there is no alternative programme on the Regional wavelength?"

Really, the answer is too simple. In the first place, the Schools broadcasts are not considered to be part of the programme proper, but one inserted at the most convenient time as an extra, solely in the interests of education. No alternative, therefore, is considered to be necessary. In the second place, these grumblers might do themselves a great deal of good and gain an unexpected amount of pleasure by listening to these transmissions. I can think of few things more pleasant than half an hour with Sir Walford Davies or M. E. M. Stéphan.

This complaint, however, feeble as it is, does raise the whole question of programme timing. It must be perfectly obvious that it is necessary to devote certain fixed broadcasting periods to certain types of programme, both in the interests of

smooth running at the transmitting end and for the convenience of discriminating listeners. At first sight it may appear that these periods have been arbitrarily selected, but experience over a number of years has proved that they suit the majority of listeners.

There are still, unfortunately, thousands of listeners who regard broadcasting in the same way that they regard their electric light, their gas, or their water supply. Such people are a danger not only to themselves but to broadcasting in general. By perpetually asking for more and more broadcasting they are running a grave risk of lowering the standard of the programmes in general. It is absolutely futile to expect any Corporation to provide 112 hours of entertainment each week on two wavelengths—224 hours in all—and at the same time to maintain a reasonably high standard. There are neither enough artists nor enough money to go round. Personally, I would prefer to see the number of broadcasting hours cut down rather than increased. There are already too many programmes of inferior quality inserted merely to satisfy the demands of the insatiable and the indiscriminating. I am all on the side of the inverted *Oliver Twists*—asking for less.

ALAN HOWLAND.

Public Schools

HAILESBURY COLLEGE

AN Examination will be held on October 25th, 26th and 27th, for eight Entrance Scholarships, value from £100 to £20, for boys under 14 on 31st December, 1933. For details apply The Bursar, Haileybury College, Hertford.

KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK

SCHOLARSHIPS and Exhibitions £60-£10. Examination, June 20, 21 at Preparatory School. Age, under 14 on 1st July. Ordinary fees £123 p.a. inclusive. Apply the Rev. the Headmaster.

KING'S SCHOOL, ROCHESTER

ENTRANCE, Organ and King's Scholarship Examination on July 19th and 20th. Inclusive fees from £95 to £111. Particulars from the Rev. the Headmaster.

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BUXTON. Spa Hotel. Telephone: 211. Telegrams: "COMFORTABLE."

COTSWOLDS.—The Old Bakehouse, Stanway, near WINCHCOMBE, Glos.

DROITWICH SPA. Park Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 38.

DROITWICH SPA. Raven Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 50.

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